September 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA ★ PAGE 4

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SCRIBNER'S SECOND LIFE IN THE U.S. CONTEST

1ST PRIZE $1000

THE IDEA...

"Life in the United States" is the designation for the brief articles of personal experience which SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE publishes. The experience may be noble, tragic, funny, or exasperating . . . it may have occurred on Park Avenue or Main Street or R.F.D. No. 1 . . . it may have happened to a murderer, millionaire, or minister — but it must be authentically American.

The articles — *Must be*: True, not fictional, not distorted; contemporary, not historical. *Should be*: Told in the first person (preferably); told straightforwardly, without "*literary*" embellishment; narrated, not described or explained; typical rather than unique. *Must not be*: Essays on quaint cults and customs; observations on how the other half lives; traditional literary essays.

Examples of "Life in the United States" articles published in SCRIBNER'S include: An onlooker's account of the savage behavior of a crowd in stripping an airplane in which a girl flyer had met death ("Souvenir Hunters," July, 1938). A villager's account of a typical Maine town meeting ("First Monday in March," March, 1938). A motorist's account of a fatal accident ("I Killed a Man," September, 1937).

THE RULES...

1. All entries must be postmarked before noon, November 1, 1938.
2. Enter manuscripts early, if possible — preferably typewritten and double-spaced.
3. Address them to Life in the United States Contest, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.
4. Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for return — otherwise the manuscript will not be entered in the contest or acknowledged.
5. Manuscripts should be between 500 and 4000 words in length. A contestant may enter as many manuscripts as he wishes.
6. Employees of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and members of their families are not eligible.
7. The Judges will be the Editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE; their decisions will be conclusive and binding on all manuscripts entered in this contest.

Prizes

First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	250
10 additional Prizes, each	100

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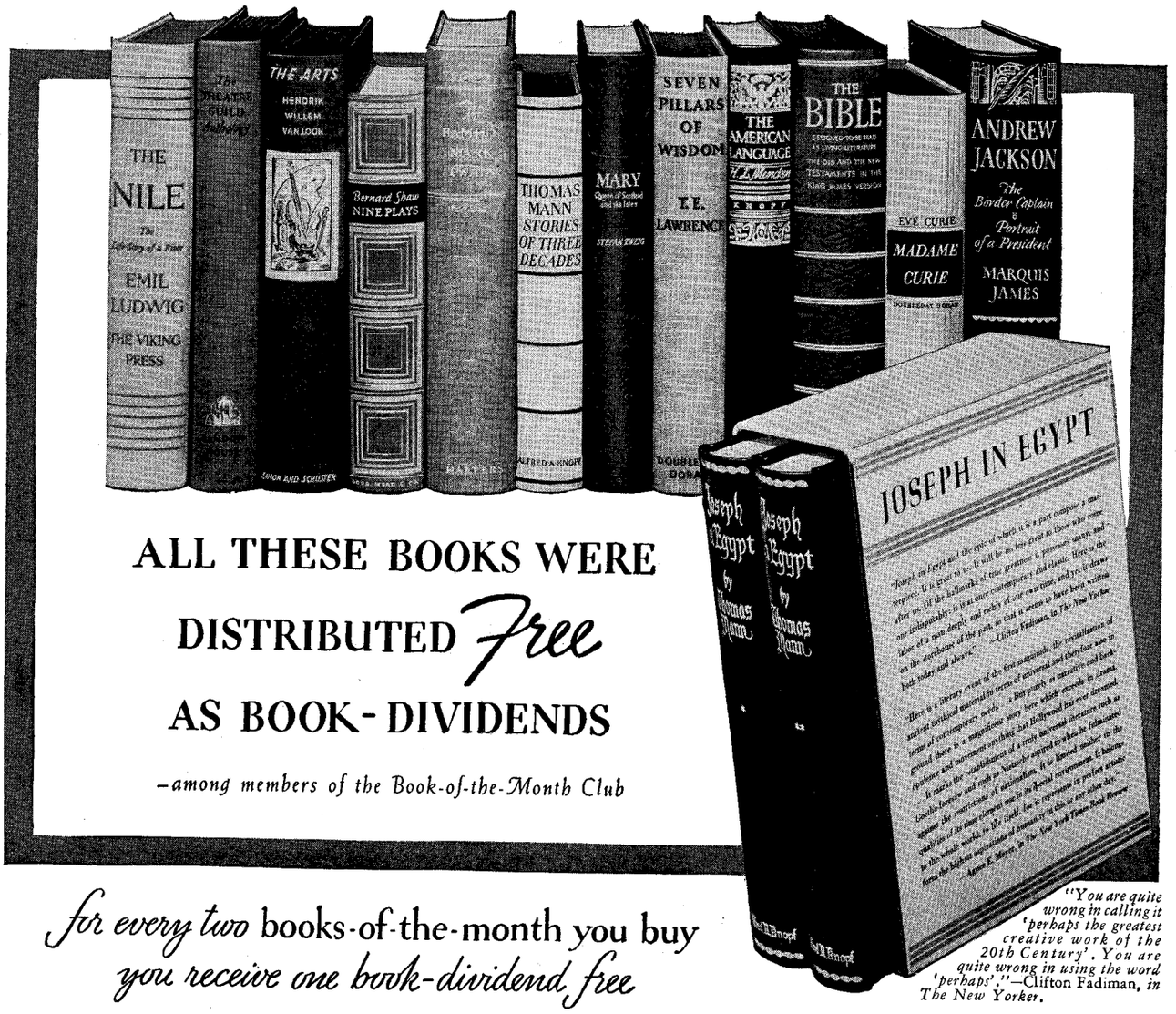

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But, please understand, you are never obliged to take the book-of-the-month our judges choose. Nor are you expected to buy one book every month. All important new books are very carefully reported upon. As a member, you can do one of three things in any month: order the book-of-the-month; order some other new book you are particularly anxious not to miss; or, instruct the Club not to send you any book at all.

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Jeanette and her grandfather, William H. Wright—two of four generations in one family to work for General Electric in Lynn, Mass.

"Better, Jean? Listen—"

" . . . back in '96, when *I* started work for G.E., we worked 10 hours a day, 6 days a week. Eighteen cents an hour was pretty good pay. And in our shop we did almost everything by hand.

"Look at things now—eight-hour days and five-day weeks. I read the other day that the average factory pay is 67 cents an hour. That's a big improvement during one lifetime!"

IT *is* a big improvement—between the time when Jeanette Wright's grandfather started work and a few months ago when Jeanette followed her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather and joined the General Electric organization. Hours reduced one third; factory wages increased nearly fourfold. What made this possible? What has brought about this progress?

The answer lies in the increase in the effectiveness of each worker's labor. In 1896, the average factory worker had only one horsepower of mechanical aid. Today each factory worker has *12 horsepower* of mechanical power to help him produce. And because he produces more, he has more. This progress has been steady, through good years and bad. And it has come about largely because electricity has been put to work to help create more goods for more people at less cost, more and better jobs at higher wages, and a higher living standard for all. General Electric, for sixty years, has been making electricity more useful.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

1938—OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS—1938

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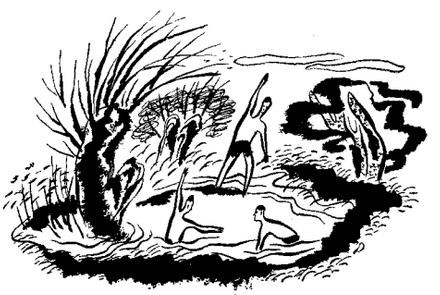
Scribner's

MAGAZINE



September, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 3

Our October issue is shaping into one of the strongest of the year. *To the Market Place*, by Berry Fleming, has been selected as the second SCRIBNER'S short novel. It is an important work, contemporary, incisive, and every bit as interesting as Jerome Weidman's *What's in It for Me?* (page 24). And, like the Weidman novel, which opened our twelve-a-year plan, *To the Market Place* fits into the SCRIBNER'S formula of examining life in the United States. It is the fictional counterpart of our articles, photographs, and art . . . Speaking of art, Thomas Benton will be in the October issue with drawings and text about one of the nation's fascinating little towns . . . Milton Mackaye does the "Scribner's Examines" piece: on Westbrook Pegler . . . J. C. Furnas will be present again (see page 7, this issue) with an article on smoking . . . Also the eighth article in our series on magazines that sell . . . And, possibly the high spot of the issue, an examination by Major Ernest Dupuy of the greatest mutiny in history.

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ONE STEP FROM YOUR TRAIN

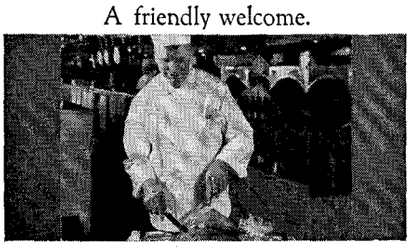
TWO STEPS FROM ANYWHERE

IS COMFORTABLE

HOTEL CLEVELAND

with . . .

A friendly welcome.



Food that is famous.

Instant, willing service.

Rooms with every detail planned for restful comfort.

Convenience that saves time and taxi fare. Hotel Cleveland adjoins the Union Terminal and Terminal group, and is at the very heart of Cleveland, Ohio.

HOTEL CLEVELAND Cleveland

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Ballerina (*See Cover*)

Shortly after Mr. Bourges photographed Marie Jeanne Pelus, we went around to the School of American Ballet to have a talk with her. She was in class with a dozen other young girls, doing a lot of twirling and stomping and looking grim about it. When she came out, she told us she had just finished six hours of practicing. She also said we didn't need to call her Miss Pelus, because she had dropped the last name several years ago.

Marie Jeanne, then, is prima ballerina of the Ballet Caravan, an American troupe sponsored by the school. Twice already she has starred on country-wide tours, and will do so again this fall. Such ballet big shots as Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine consider her the finest of American ballerinas.

Ten months of the year, six days a week, seven hours a day, she puts herself through a physical routine that would shame a prize fighter. That's the usual thing for ballet dancers, and she mentioned it with a shrug. Not that she doesn't feel it; there's always something on the fritz—a sore knee, strained tendon, or cramped foot.

Marie Jeanne was born in New York. Her Italian father is a wandering chef who follows the seasons from Cape Cod to Florida; her French mother, a Madison Avenue modiste. At home, the ballerina speaks French, reads books but not magazines, and eats tremendous meals which she burns off from day to day. She is five feet three, weighs 112 pounds and was eighteen on August 12. She swore off smoking last April, and maintains with appalling calm that she will never smoke again.

The Great Speedup

This is the last chapter of a remarkable story of railroads and readers.

Background: In our July issue we published an article examining the speedup of American railroads, and in these columns tucked away a little eighteen-line note. The note explained how the article grew out of a single sentence and offered a life subscription to the first reader to identify it.

Winner: Alex Norton, Evanston, Ill.

Winning Sentence: "In 1930 the total daily mileage run off by American passenger trains at a mile a minute (or more) was 1100; today it exceeds 45,000, and is being increased every month."

Vital Statistics: We received 17 telegrams the day our issue reached the newsstands. Total communications, 603—25 telegrams, 2 telephone calls (one long distance), and 576 letters; from readers in the District of Columbia, three Canadian provinces, and every state except Nevada; New York led with 63 communications and California was second with 38. Further examination shows that one out of every 183.3 SCRIBNER'S readers responded; that 59 picked the right sentence—one out of ten, a high average, considering the article had 145 sentences to pick from.

Memorabilia

One rainy day in July, a Mr. William E. Demarest of Newark, N. J., came into our office with a great package under his arm. Wrapped in brown paper was the painting reproduced here. Its history: Painted by George Verrault;

acquired by Mr. Demarest's father; discovered, along with a number of other paintings, after some three decades, in the attic of the Demarest homestead at Long Branch.

Incidentally, Sweet Caporals are still being sold. They were put on the market thirty-two years before this painting was made—and that was thirty-three years ago.

Notes

J. C. Furnas wrote the most widely reprinted article of the decade, the *Reader's Digest's* "—And Sudden Death" . . . William Lydgate was born in Hawaii, schooled at Yale, and trained on *Time* . . . Jerome Weidman is a well-known novelist, born and bred in New York, the locale of his novels.

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READING TIME: 1 MINUTE, 50 SECONDS

Beer proposes a program... and invites your support

THERE ARE some people who still believe that the use of beer is sinful or harmful. The scientific evidence is overwhelmingly against them.

The great majority of Americans accept the truth ... that beer is a mild, wholesome beverage ... that "there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

We brewers find ground for concern, however, in the conditions under which beer is sometimes retailed—conditions undesirable to us all. What we seek to accomplish, first and foremost, is a measurable improvement of such conditions. For example, retailers' beer licenses are sometimes used as a screen to sell illegal liquor or to operate illicit resorts. Other examples are the sale of beer to minors ... or after legal hours ... or to persons who have drunk to excess. And while retailing is not our responsibility, we want these conditions corrected. We believe we will serve both the public interest and our own if we succeed.

The Foundation ... and its Code

In that belief, a short time ago the Brewers Foundation was organized ... to align the brewing industry with forces working for the public good.

Important progress has been made. Brewer-members of the Foundation already represent nearly half the production of beer and ale in the United States. These members are pledged, individually and collectively, to the Brewers Code of Practice, one significant clause of which is here reproduced:

> **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor complete enforcement by all authorities.

A beginning has been made. In accordance with our program, we have cooperated with law enforcement authorities. We intend to carry on.

How you can help

How far we can go, and how soon, depends on ourselves, and on ***you.*** You can help in three ways:

Take the lead in arousing public opinion—which ***can*** see to it that existing laws are enforced.

Restrict your patronage to legal, respectable retail outlets. This can and ***will*** raise retailing standards.

Buy only beer or ale brewed by Foundation members.* Show us, and retailers too, that you ***are*** behind us in our efforts to serve the public interest and live up to our Code.

For centuries beer has been the beverage of moderation. In preserving it we must depend upon you leaders of opinion to take action. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

**Identified in the advertising of members by this symbol (use of this symbol is restricted to members of the United Brewers Industrial Foundation).*

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Constant Courtesy OF

THE VOICE WITH A SMILE

THE MAN ON THE JOB

THE MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TELEPHONE OFFICE

This country is entitled, in good times and bad, to the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible price.

A great factor in accomplishing this is the real spirit of service that has become a tradition among telephone men and women. Courtesy and efficiency are important words in the Bell System.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Volume 104, Number 3

Scribner's Magazine

September, 1938

Mr. Milquetoast in the Sky

J. C. FURNAS

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *the airlines' campaign to make America air-minded . . . the publicity designed to overcome fear . . . the facts and fallacies of air travel*

LAST WINTER three major airlines announced in the press that during February any married man who bought plane transportation could take his wife along free. United Airlines' New York switchboard got the first rise to that bait at 9:10 A.M. the morning of the announcement. Mr. J. B. Bumblethorp's secretary speaking. Mr. Bumblethorp wants to know is that arrangement on the level? . . . Well, then, reserve Mr. Bumblethorp a seat to Chicago and another for Mrs. Bumblethorp. . . . Ten minutes later the same girl called back. Mr. Bumblethorp says that, since it's all on the house, it probably doesn't matter how many go along. Some of Mrs. Bumblethorp's friends might like to go. He wants to know just how many wives are allowed on one ticket?

United answered that they would have to stick to Anglo-Saxon prejudices against even nominal polygamy. With only one wife allowed per husband, however, most through airliners carried twice as many women passengers

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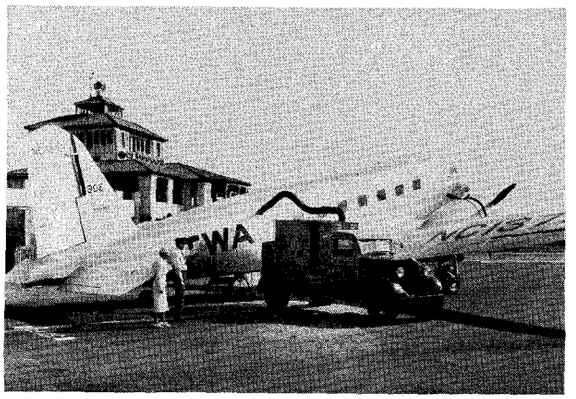
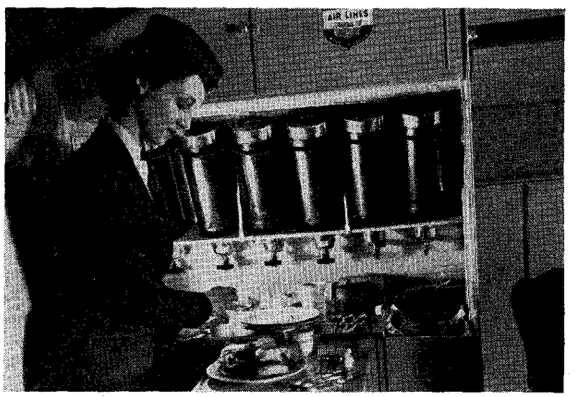


TWA

Airlines stress: (1) Air conditioning

EASTERN

(2) Passenger insurance at 25¢ for $5000



UNITED

(3) Fried-chicken dinners on the house

EASTERN

(4) Up-to-the-second weather information

as usual that February. During a single week end one New York-Chicago service deadheaded 220 females—cash value of this generosity running well over $10,000. It was not generosity, of course, but promotion aimed at cultivating good will for air travel among the wives of prosperous husbands. That should give an idea of how grimly the airlines fight to convince the public to travel by air.

Such heroic measures are required because the planes are bucking no ordinary sales resistance. Between headlines about air crashes and the stunting melodramatics of Hollywood air movies, most people who could afford to fly when traveling are afraid to. As some air-minded sloganeer alliterated it: "It's fear not fare that keeps the public on the ground." How well it works comes out in the figures. Pullman passenger-mileage is still twenty times as great as air passenger-mileage in the United States. The airlines figure that only 250,000 Americans ever use planes to get around in.

From one point of view, figures justify potential customers' fear. Taking passenger fatalities per passenger-mile traveled, it is some 120 times as safe to take a train as to take a regularly scheduled commercial plane. When narrowed down to Pullman passenger fatalities, the contrast is even sharper, since not a single Pullman passenger has been killed for the last three and a half years. (That still stands in spite of that tragic wreck of the Olympian this June. All Pullman-operated equipment stayed on the track. The sleepers that went into the creek were tourist-sleepers owned by the railroad.) On the other hand, air-passenger fatalities are so low in proportion to passenger-miles flown in the United States that the risk to any individual passenger can reasonably be called negligible. In 1936, for instance, a sample bad safety-year in the air—a million passengers flew on regularly scheduled airlines and only forty-six were killed. In individual terms, that means the odds are slightly better than 21,000-to-1 that the passenger is safe on any given trip by air every day for about sixty years for the odds to catch up with him fatally.

Although seven out of ten prosperous prospects approached by airline salesmen say they don't fly because it's too expensive, that is almost always a mask for timidity about coming down too fast or in the wrong place. For, if the airlines can only get Caspar Milquetoast into the air for just one trip, he usually keeps right on flying and discovers, what would have failed to make a dent in him before, that flying is about as cheap as Pullman travel, once you figure in meals, discounts, and tips. He may even become the kind of chronic air passenger who brags about how rough it was between Omaha and Cheyenne—when the pilot's record shows that it was an uncommonly smooth trip. So the airlines' tactics boil down to anything short of shanghaiing that will get the traveling public off the ground, particularly the businessman traveling on business, the backbone of passenger transportation.

Not that the airlines neglect to missionary women travelers. They idolize Dorothy Thompson and Mrs. Roosevelt because their casual zeal in flying hither and yon is magnificent propaganda for the optimum attitude toward flying. Already one out of four air passengers are women. Charming lady spellbinders troupe the country (by air, of course) making suave speeches before women's culture clubs and female luncheon clubs, stressing

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time-and-fatigue saving and how air travel simplifies things for mothers taking children along. They also educate department-store buyers and salesgirls in how to plug the flying angles of luggage, cosmetics, and clothes. But the purpose of the most intensive work on women is not so much to get the ladies themselves to fly as to persuade them to let their husbands fly. For, once the salesman has got behind that plea of "too expensive," the next thing he usually hears is "I'd like to, I really would—but my wife has put her foot down on the idea."

The salesman's cue here is to ask permission to go talk to Mrs. Prospect. If Prospect is lying—as he often is—that forces him to admit Resistance No. 3—frank fear. Whereupon the salesman snows him under with the kind of figures in the preceding paragraph. If he is not lying, however, if Mrs. Prospect's conviction that planes are devilishly unsafe really is what keeps him on the ground, an airline representative actually pays her a call and gives her the works.

Slow and expensive, but the only known way to get at the bottom of the trouble. The interview often concludes with an invitation to a "courtesy flight" for Mrs. Prospect on the next fine day—half an hour in a comfortable armchair in a gleaming transport plane along with ten or a dozen other apprehensive wives. Under special circumstances, the junket lasts an hour and a half and lunch is served. Each such lady guest costs the line at least ten dollars, but she is undoubtedly worth it. American Airlines, for instance, finds that 72 per cent of such courtesy flights result in selling transportation to new customers.

Crass as it may sound, educating wives about insurance is the other most useful approach. Airline representatives grow cynical before their time because they can so often guess from a wife's attitude toward her helpmeet's flying whether or not his life policies are paid up. Like most of the public, wives usually believe that life insurance is voided if the insured dies in a plane crash. A good salesman knows just how to clear up that point without being crude. Mrs. Prospect softens up remarkably on hearing that some insurance companies now pay no attention to whether or not their policyholders fly, so long as they stick to regularly scheduled airlines. Many others, although more conservative, allow the insured 15,000 miles of airliner flying a year —equal to five coast-to-coast trips—before starting to worry him about extra premiums. Air passengers between New York and Chicago can get traveler's insurance through the airlines themselves at the same 25¢-for-$5000 rate that holds for railroad travel—a bet of 20,000-to-1 that you won't get killed this trip.

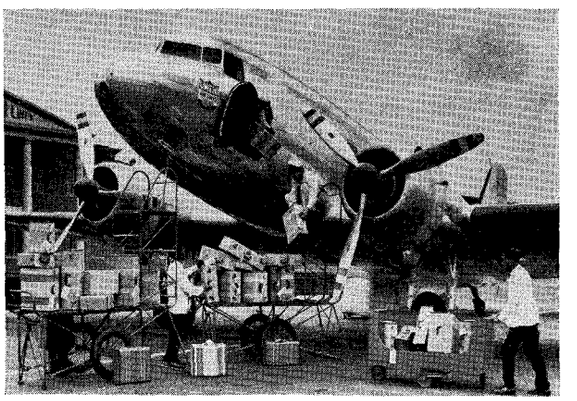
Sometimes a wife's forbidding her husband to fly, whether from affection or more practical motives, results in his turning "sneak flyer"—a man who sets off ostensibly for the railroad station and then, once out of sight, taxis to the airport. Last winter Marie Sullivan, then head of Eastern Airlines' women's department, was dining in New Orleans with an old school friend whose husband was away in Chicago—coming back on the morning train, in fact. Always promoting, Miss Sullivan asked why he didn't save time by flying? Mrs. Hostess said she was afraid to let him fly. After dinner, Miss Sullivan struck a stroke for the good cause by driving Mrs. Hostess out to the airport to see the Chicago plane come in—and the second passenger down the ramp was Mr. Hostess. When she left, he had not yet worked out a satisfactory answer to his wife's incessant question: "But,

UNITED

Airline press agents: (1) Use pretty models

AMERICAN

(2) Stage wedding ceremonies in the sky



UNITED

(3) Ballyhoo fancy airplane luggage

EASTERN

(4) Photograph celebrities in flight

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Charles, what were you planning on doing between now and tomorrow morning?"

United Airlines, which pioneered that take-your-wife-along stunt, calls it the "Stimpson stimulant" after their West Coast man who invented it to step up business on the San Francisco-Los Angeles run. The same Steve Stimpson had previously taken care of the problem of Californian engaged couples, eager to marry but stymied for three days by local licensing laws. He arranged to fly them to Reno—where you can get married in ten minutes—supplied with license, ceremony, flowers, *O Promise Me,* hotel room, breakfast, and return transportation to San Francisco—all for one round-trip ticket bought by the groom. Under that arrangement, the line was pretty sure Mrs. Grundy was satisfied. As a nationwide promotion scheme, however, the Stimpson stimulant did produce some embarrassments. The airlines were in no position to demand marriage certificates, and there is little doubt of it, a good many of the wives who flew free that month belonged in quotation marks.

Now and again there would be no disguising things. One businessman, complete with a snappy lady companion riding free as wife, made the mistake of cashing a check on his airline credit card just before a plane took off one evening in Cleveland. Since it was a big check, the office stalled a few minutes to phone his home address as a precaution. Oh, yes, said a female voice at the other end of the wire, Mr. Ickelheimer is flying to St. Louis tonight—that's right . . . Who is this speaking? . . . Mrs. Ickelheimer. At the Newark airport the same month a nameless female telephoned every twenty minutes all one morning to ask if a Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were leaving for the West Coast on a noon plane. Until just before take-off time, the airport kept saying as doggedly as a telephone girl that they were not allowed to give out that information. At 11:45, however, hoping to get rid of a nuisance and figuring the admission would be safe by then, they broke down and said yes. Ten minutes later as the plane was loading its passengers, a taxi careened through the barrier and pulled up by the plane. Out got a large lady who dived into the cabin and came out leading an elderly man by the ear—much to the chagrin of a long, slim blonde, sheepishly following in his wake.

Mr. Stimpson is also credited with putting the first stewardesses on planes. This is one place where sex rears its head in a perfectly nice way. The publicity world has always figured the purposes there as the dramatizing of the safety of modern commercial flying by the fragile presence of pretty, cordial, and highly disciplined young women, habitually hurtling through the clouds as casually as if planes were streetcars. The airlines prefer to talk about the stewardess in terms of passenger comfort—flying is never so cheerful, they say, as when there is a pretty girl in uniform fetching you magazines, orienting the scenery on a map, arranging bridge games, asking you would you like your chair adjusted for a nap, taking care of the baby, calling you by name with the appalling accuracy of a veteran room clerk, and serving you fried-chicken dinner on the house.

Registered nurses are picked for the job, not because there is much temperature-taking or first aid to do, but because nurses are notably able to handle all kinds of people, including children, and—most important of all—take responsibility and discipline intelligently. In the early days of stewardesses, one major line neglected to go in for nurses. Instead, the jobs went to the girl friends, past and present, of the male personnel, with results so queer, both in looks and in discipline, that the line had to chuck them all. Passengers felt unhappy at the sight of the stewardess tipping the bottle at the rear of the cabin along with a couple of susceptible salesmen. Besides, these ladies' constant presence around the airports got on the nerves of the pilots' and ground crews' wives. Present standards of attractiveness—under five feet four, weight one hundred fifteen or under, age twenty-one to twenty-seven, and so

UNITED

TWA

EASTERN

Air-traffic stimulants: Free rides for wives, half-fare for children, homelike hospitality in the sky

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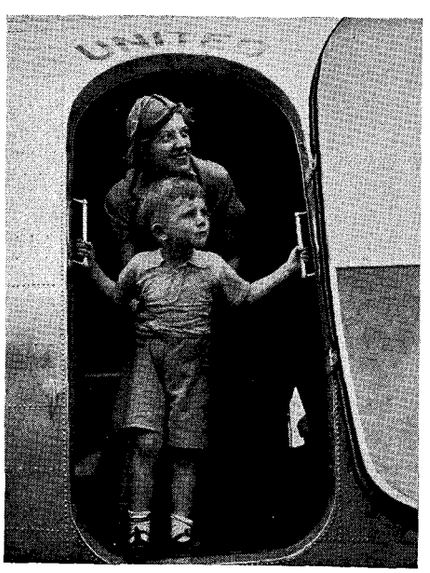
forth—are so high that one line says it can count on only twelve or fifteen eligibles out of 7500 applications.

Eastern Airlines is now using men stewards, figuring that the latest planes are too big for such winsome slips of girls to handle. Yet the stewardess will probably be around a long time more on the other lines because, whether that was the main idea or not, her trim attractiveness does make just the right psychological impression on the jittery. That is why the brighter girls—some five a week from American Airlines—are sent out on propaganda assignments to make radio appearances or address luncheon clubs, where mere looks will do as much for the good cause as anything the publicity department gives them to say. The railroads have recently testified to what they think of the stewardess idea by installing similar girls on crack trains. The one cramp is that, when a plane does come to grief, the stewardess system guarantees that among the deceased will be a pretty girl whose picture is well worth using on page one.

Anything showing the public that women, notoriously nervous and luxury-demanding women, take kindly to air travel, is pure gold. United Airlines' Helen Stansbury —no stewardess, but a fast-traveling, suave-spoken, special air-travel missionary—has made as high as ten speeches a day before luncheon clubs, chambers of commerce, women's clubs and so forth—including Shakespeare clubs and Junior Leagues for variety. Less than five a day is practically a vacation for her. Whether the audience is male or female, her speech insists with prettily feminine domesticity that a modern cabin plane offers all the comforts of home, down to paper slippers for any passenger who wants to take off his shoes and rest his dogs. Men get cheery little stories about how traveling golf pros have practiced putting up and down the cabin aisle into a paper drinking cup with the stewardess shagging the balls and awarding the winner a modest prize. Women get detailed descriptions of the lamp shades and hassocks, the blue, cream, and red-brown color scheme of walls and carpets, the menu of the *free* dinner that appears out of nowhere with a smile—all calculated to make them feel that a plane cabin is as normal an environment as daughter-in-law's living room. Miss Stansbury even makes capital of the fact that she is scared to death of heights and always gets sick on ships and roller coasters, whereas on planes she has never a qualm.

Last year Chattanooga had a brilliant example of the shrewd publicity work of the airlines. Marie Sullivan had dropped in to make a speech during her regular wanderings all over Eastern territory. As usual, the speech had contained a good deal about airplane safety, including Miss Sullivan's record of 250,000 air-miles without fracturing so much as a fingernail. This time, however, she had neglected to look at a newspaper before going on the platform. Just as she was well launched on modern air safety, an excited lady in the audience stood up and flashed a paper with a blazing headline: "ELEVEN KILLED IN AIRLINER CRASH." All Miss Sullivan could do was rattle off some statistics and sit down, aware that she was licked. But the next day she was to drive up Lookout Mountain along with the press—a trip that finishes with a cog-railroad to the summit. When they got to the railroad, Miss Sullivan took a look at its steep grade and dinky equipment and balked. "I won't ride on that thing," she said. "It doesn't look safe." The next morning the bad impression of her speech was entirely wiped out by the way the newspapers played up the story of this girl who had ridden 250,000 miles in the air and held a pilot's license in her own right but refused to risk her life on a cog-railroad.

The insurance demon can be exorcised and the speed and luxury of modern flying can be intriguingly demonstrated. But beyond that, airline promotion goes off the end of concrete into mud so thick that nobody can figure out what to do about it. For years to come, the press and the screen between them will probably maintain the American public's impression (*continued on page* 60)


UNITED

EASTERN

UNITED

Air safety: Dramatized by child, evidenced by First Lady, promoted by United Airlines' Helen Stansbury

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Elbert Hubbard

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

America's first super-salesman . . . the literary rebel of the 1900's who hit his stride glorifying big businessmen

On Saturday, January 7, 1893, a thirty-six-year-old businessman named Elbert Hubbard walked out of his excellent job in a soap-manufacturing concern in Buffalo, and began groping his way toward one of the most curious careers in American history.

To us today that career seems at first glance to have been a bundle of paradoxes. Elbert Hubbard was a rebel, an innovator, a despiser of settled custom—and yet he became an eloquent champion of big business. He founded what he considered a socialist community—and yet turned it into a successful money-making enterprise. He was scorned by the cultured public as a blatant ignoramus—and yet was venerated by hundreds of thousands of people as the embodiment of culture itself. But there was logic in these very paradoxes.

Elbert Hubbard did not leave the soap business because he had been unsuccessful in it. On the contrary, his career up to the age of thirty-six had been following the approved Horatio Alger pattern. Born near Bloomington, Illinois, in 1856, the son of a country physician whose cash income had never been more than five hundred dollars a year, young Hubbard had left school at fifteen. At sixteen he had begun selling soap from door to door, driving about Bloomington in a spring-wagon on the side of which was lettered in blue and gold "J. Weller & Co., Practical Soaps." He had tried numerous jobs—setting type in a Chicago printing office, reporting, carrying lumber on the docks—but most of his early youth had been devoted to "soap-slinging" in every state east of the Mississippi and north of Virginia. When his brother-in-law, John D. Larkin, started a soap business in Buffalo, young Hubbard went with him, peddled Larkin soap, took charge of the firm's selling, and won a startling success with his innovations in salesmanship. When still in his twenties, he had been the first man to try packaging soap (putting three cakes of Larkin's Crême Oatmeal Soap in a ten-cent box). When hardly in his thirties, he had invented the premium method of selling; it was he who thought of offering for six dollars a Mammoth Combination Box which contained not only soap but also "Six Solid Silver Teaspoons." At thirty-six Hubbard had become half-owner of a hustling business, with the prospect of wealth beckoning him on. He had been married to Bertha Crawford for eleven years and had three children. Yet here he was selling out his interest for $65,000 and preparing to leave business for good. Why?

Elbert Hubbard was in revolt against the business life. Half-educated though he was, for years he had been reading voraciously. As he commuted to Buffalo from East Aurora, eighteen miles away, where he had bought himself a house, there had always been books in his bag; and making the acquaintance of Socrates and Shakespeare, Emerson and Thoreau, he had felt himself coming into touch with a finer world than that of soap-selling. He

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dreamed of becoming a man of letters, a thinker. He wanted to free himself of the starched respectability of life in a business community; to achieve a success more valid and exciting than could be achieved through soap-selling. He decided that with his $65,000 as a backlog he should be able to do this and support his wife and children. Closing his desk at Larkin's, he went to Harvard to enroll as a special student in history and literature.

The next few years were to be a time of confusion for him, of disappointments and rebuffs which sowed in him the seeds of new rebellion. He did not find at Harvard what he was seeking. (Later he was contemptuous of universities: they were unpractical; they were inferior to the School of Hard Knocks; he could hire the graduates of any college in America for ten dollars a week.) Soon he was back in East Aurora, trying to write in the attic of his house. He got three novels published, but they were weak and failed to sell. The last of these three books, *No Enemy (But Himself)*, was absurdly improbable, sentimental, and naïve. His literary ill fortune sharpened in him a contempt for publishers and editors, whom he considered victims of Victorian timidity, doing their best to prettify and emasculate American literature. He became involved in a love affair which presumably heightened his dislike for puritanical intolerance. On a trip to England he met William Morris, the poet-painter-decorator-socialist-manufacturer (originator of the Morris chair), and became enthusiastic about Morris's fine printing and his belief that in socialistic communities men could rediscover the joys of fine craftsmanship. Hubbard began to wonder whether Morris's ideas could be carried out in America, perhaps even in East Aurora. But as yet he could find no way to bring these hates and hopes to a focus.

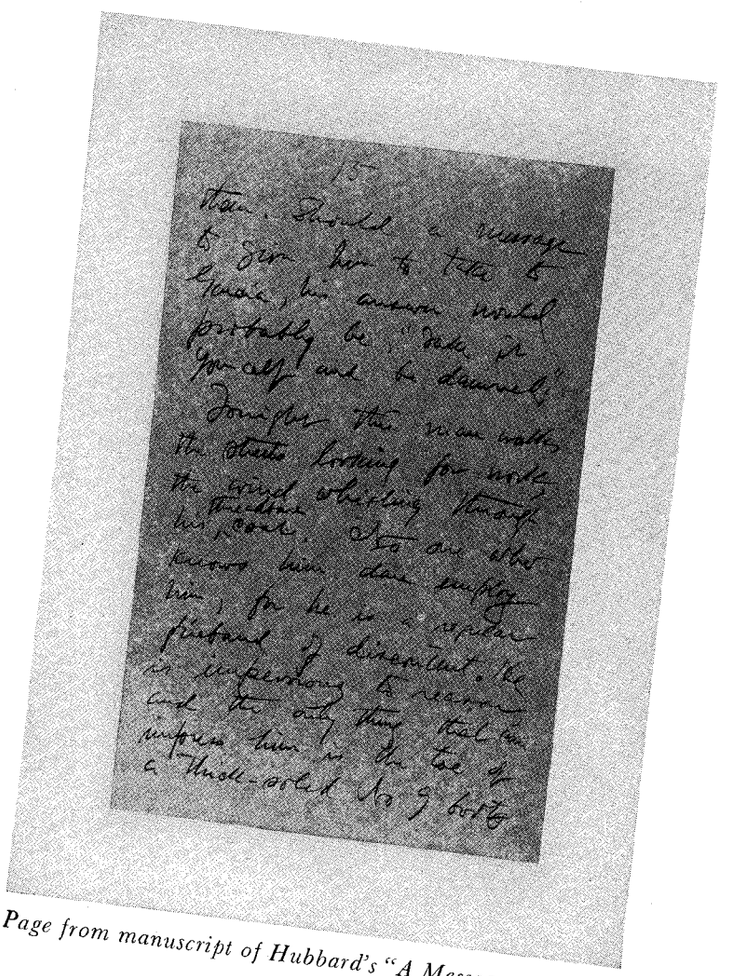
Already, however, Hubbard was learning something else: that rebellion can become an effective pose. He had always been handsome, with that broad brow, square jaw, and wide, tense-lipped mouth which so often characterize American political leaders and formidable preachers (his features suggested those of Bryan). He had great personal magnetism and a sense of theatrical effect, trained through years of salesmanship. Now he was beginning to act the part of the defier of convention, letting his hair grow a little longer, giving up the conservative garb of the Buffalo businessman for a freer and more imposing costume—big hat, flowing tie, sweeping cape-overcoat—and people were turning to look at him in the street.

It was not until 1895 that he began to find himself. Unable to interest any editor in the manuscript of his *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*—a group of pretentious and sophomoric biographical essays on English authors—he had decided to have them printed on his own account at East Aurora. At length he had persuaded the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons to sponsor these biographical papers for serial publication as a series of little pamphlets. By way of advertising them, he issued, in June, 1895, a leaflet expressing his opinions about things in general and the priggishness of publishers in particular. And to secure second-class mailing privileges for this leaflet, he labeled it as the first issue of a magazine, calling it *The Philistine, A Periodical of Protest.*

This *Philistine* of his was a tiny rag of a magazine, smaller than the *Reader's Digest* of today, rather prettily printed and fancily designed, with rough paper covers. It seemed to make a dent, and he brought out a second issue and a third. He began to realize that here was an opportunity for an adventure in personal journalism—for one of those rebellious little chapbooks which then were flooding America. Soon the *Philistine* became a going concern, for despite his ineptitude at fiction-writing, Hubbard had ideas, a lively impertinence, and a knack for pungent expression.

But this was not all. A little printing plant in East Aurora was for sale. Hubbard bought it. Emulating William Morris, he began printing books there. He called it the Roycroft Press. The first book he printed was Solomon's *Song of Songs,* which doubtless pleased him as both holy and hot. He persuaded his wife to work on hand-lettering the volumes; hired some East Aurora girls to assist her; built a new house for his printing plant; expanded the Roycroft shop to include bookbinding; employed the carpenters who had been working on the building to make furniture for it; then began selling furniture too; and one by one introduced other crafts, employing more and more people.

At last his rebellion was finding a concrete if multiple expression. Here he was established as a man of letters—



Page from manuscript of Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia"

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of a sort; publishing a little magazine; building up a colony of Roycrofters; showing them how to labor joyfully; sharing some of his beginning profits with them, and thus providing at least an imitation of William Morris's socialist ideal; producing arty limp-leather books and bulky Morris chairs and pottery which, if not beautiful, were at least lovely to him; waging a battle both in print and in deed against respectability and conservatism; enjoying to the utmost the chance to pose as the embodiment of the untrammeled joy of work, in a rough suit, hickory shirt, flowing Windsor tie, and broad-brimmed Stetson hat; and last but not least, exercising those talents for salesmanship and business management which still were strong in him.

II

THE citizens of East Aurora were a little bewildered at the colony of Roycrofters which had sprung up in the midst of their village, hitherto known chiefly as a center for the training of trotting horses. The stalwart and ebullient Hubbard, with his hair cut in a sort of Dutch bob reaching almost to his shoulders, presided over a business enterprise which grew until it employed not only scores of villagers, but also a motley collection of newcomers—earnest young men who saw Hubbard as a twentieth-century sage, a noble apostle of freedom; disappointed poets, eccentrics, cranks, looking for a happy refuge from the inexorable grind of a commercial age. In a building which looked like a country schoolhouse or a church—and later in other buildings, too, as these were put up—they labored joyfully in a spirit something like that of the dafter progressive schools of the nineteen-twenties. "We ask," Hubbard had written, "for the widest, freest, and fullest liberty for individuality—that's all." He tried to provide it for the Roycrofters in their daily work. He would shift them from job to job according to their tastes; he had their workrooms prettily curtained and decorated with pictures and flowers; he provided ten-minute recesses morning and afternoon, and would interrupt the working schedule in order that all hands might hear a visiting celebrity speak; after hours he would lead a score of them off for a walk or a swim or a picnic. Everybody was democratic, cordial. The Roycrofters called one another by first names or odd nicknames; Hubbard himself was usually "John"—because a wealthy visitor from Buffalo, arriving one day in a fine carriage, had seen Hubbard raking the lawn in a flannel shirt and corduroys and a battered hat, and, supposing him to be a workman, had called, "Here, John, hold these horses for me, will you?"

It is true that Hubbard ruled these free spirits with a firm hand. He disapproved of tobacco and liquor, for example, and would shout to a cigarette-smoker, "Throw away that coffin nail and lend me a hand with the medicine ball!" Although he called the community socialistic, it was really a corporation in which he held nearly all the shares. He paid low wages, had time clocks concealed behind the gorgeous curtains, and insisted on hard work and plenty of it; and when he shared the Roycroft profits, he did this usually in the form of paternal presents—a ham, a pair of winter blankets, a pair of gloves. But he did everything with so much gusto, his talk was so lively and his enthusiasm so contagious, that there was in the air a spirit of wholesome if carefully directed play that would do credit today to the heartiest of boys' summer camps.

The cultural atmosphere of the place was carefully quaint. Hubbard himself was known not only as "John," but more reverently as "The Pastor" or "Fra Elbertus." Blackman, Hubbard's gardener and handyman, became "Ali Baba." Jerome Connors, the colony's chief sculptor, was "St. Jerome." The literary products of the Roycrofters were full of such antic antiquities as "How oft and many a time" and "so here cometh," and Hubbard loved to drop from time to time into the sort of limp-leather style in which the end leaf of the Roycroft edition of the *Song of Songs* was written: "And here, then, is finished this noble book, being a study and reprint of the Song of Songs; which is Solomon's, taken from the Holy Bible. Printed after the manner of the Venetians, with no power save that of the Human Muscle, at the Roycroft Printing Shop, that is in East Aurora, New York. Begun on September, the third day, 1895, and finished—thank God!—on January, the twentieth day, 1896." Ridiculous, you think? It did not look so to Hubbard's disciples, or to half-educated businessmen and country schoolteachers yearning vaguely after the fuller life of culture: to them it was the real thing, rich with inspiration.

That Hubbard was a rebel was early apparent, but exactly what positive values he stood for was for a time something of a puzzle. His *Little Journeys,* which he continued to write and issue serially, praised all sorts of heroes and heroines of history indiscriminately. And when Hubbard decided to open an inn for the visitors to East Aurora—which, incidentally, was and continued to be a good inn—and decided to put on the room doors, not numbers, but the names of notable people, his choices suggested an equally catholic taste. In the words of Felix Shay—an eager Roycrofter who later wrote a rapturous biography of Hubbard—the rooms were "named after the famous men and women of all time—Socrates, Edison, George Eliot, Beethoven, William Morris, and Susan B. Anthony." An odd team, that. The direction in which Hubbard was to proceed did not become clear even to him until after the evening of Washington's Birthday, 1899.

On that evening, at supper, the sage—according to his own subsequent account—had been discussing the Spanish War with his young son, Elbert Hubbard, II. Something had been said about the Lieutenant Rowan who had succeeded in carrying a message from the American Government to Garcia, the Cuban insurgent leader, in the wilds of Cuba. Hubbard needed an editorial for the *Philistine,* and now suddenly he saw his subject. He sat down and in an hour had dashed off an untitled 1500-word homily on Rowan's heroic feat as an object lesson in intelligent but unquestioning obedience—an object lesson which, in his opinion, business employees everywhere would do well to bear in mind. (*continued on page* 49)

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Jetsam

POLLY SIMPSON MacMANUS

Only skillful driving kept us from hitting the lunatic in the middle of the road. Even so, our car was slowed up considerably by the maneuver, and that is how I happened to notice that the man in the highway was not alone. Sitting on the step of the grandfather of all T-models, huddled over in an attitude of utter dejection, was the most pitiable, the most bedraggled girl it had ever been my fate to see. The fleeting glimpse that I had of her revealed that she was young, she was crying, and she was holding a bundle in her arms.

"I wish you'd stop," I told my husband, and the car at once lost speed. "That was a baby that girl was holding. She and the baby belong to the man in the road. They're in trouble."

My husband began to back his car, saying as he did so, "All the more reason why that fool shouldn't try to commit suicide running back and forth across the road."

I did not trouble to reply. If, as seemed likely, they had run out of gas, they couldn't have chosen a worse spot. There was little traffic on the highway. It would be twilight before long, and the heat lightning in the bank of red-edged clouds in front of us indicated that a possible storm was in the offing.

The man was running down the road to meet us.

"Brother," he gasped, jumping onto the running board, "I'm in a spot." My husband, continuing to back to the place where the girl sat waiting, glanced knowingly at me. "My car's broken down," continued the man. "Guess it must be all wore out. I can get it started if I try long enough," he hastened to add. "I know I can get her going but—well, you see our baby's pretty young—just three weeks old." He stopped to catch his breath, and I glanced at the girl sitting on the running board of the broken-down machine.

"How far have you traveled?" I asked her.

"From Pennsylvania." Her voice was high and tremulous like a child's exhausted from crying.

"Where are you headed for?" asked my husband.

"Chicago. Are you folks going that far?"

"Yes, we are."

"Well, look here, Doc, do me a favor, will you? Take my wife and kid along." My husband did not answer, and the man went on to explain. "This ain't no gyp, honest, pal. I'm straight, all right. I had a good job in Pennsylvania, only I lost it; no fault of mine." The wife cut in, "They struck. It was awful."

"I couldn't get no work, see pal, and I heard there was lots of work out in Indiana. My wife's folks live out that way, so when I lost my job and couldn't get no work . . . Guess I was dumb not to apply to the W.P.A. But you see my wife sort of wanted her mother should see the baby. Her mother lives in South Chicago, so we started out to get there, seeing there was work and good pay at the steel mills. We'd got there fine, only that old can over there's pretty old. I can make it go all right, but it'll take time, and my wife thinks . . ."

The girl turned to me. "The baby's so little—he's been out so long, and I think he's caught cold now. If we stay here till the car's fixed, it may take all night, and——"

There was a low roll of thunder from the bank of clouds. The whole countryside was bathed in a queer greenish sort of light. Little gusts of wind picked up the underbrush by the roadside and played with it. "The baby'll die—I know he'll die if he's out in the night air and the storm."

"Get into the car," said my husband to the girl.

"I'll get the baby's things," said the father eagerly. "Honest, Doc, I'll never be able to thank you."

DRAWING BY DONALD McKAY

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It was a pitifully small bundle he brought. The girl cuddled down in the back of our machine.

"Hadn't you better get your coat?" I asked her.

"I haven't any coat," she answered simply.

"What will you do?" my husband asked the man.

"Oh, I'll get the bus started all right. I can work a lot faster when I ain't worried about them."

"You'd better let me give you—" My husband's hand went into his pocket.

"No, thanks, pal. I'm no moocher. I got money for gas and things once she's going. I won't take money."

We drove away, down that lonely road. A young husband of a less easily embarrassed class would have kissed his wife and child at parting. This one said, "So long, kid," to her. "You go to sleep, Captain. Don't make no more fuss," to his son, and then stood and waved at us as we drove away. The girl twisted about in the seat to watch the man in the road till he was a speck in the distance, then gone.

The storm didn't break as we'd expected, though the clouds kept menacing all the way. It switched about as storms sometimes do, and the lightning came from the east. The clouds were low, like wisps of dirty cotton, and for miles before we reached the steel-mill country, the flames from the chimneys turned the greenish sky to purple. As we drew near the bulky structures of the mills, their chimneys, belching smoke and flame, stood out sharp and black like etchings.

"Your mother lives in South Chicago?" asked my husband.

"Yes," answered the girl. "When you get there, you can let me out wherever you want. I can walk it easy. Ma's house is off the route to Chicago."

My husband said nothing.

It was when the mills were all about us that suddenly we felt that thing. A something in the very air, sullen, menacing, the feel of hate. A little like the brooding storm that flashed and died and flashed again.

The streets of the town were crowded with people, as many as on a holiday. There were jams of people on the sidewalks, the porches were full. They were gathered in knots to talk—talking, not yelling. Just talking, and quite without the holiday spirit. There is something much more frightening about a lot of humans, tense and quiet, than there is in screaming mobs.

People were spilled out into the highway. We had to move slowly in a procession of slowly moving cars. Across a field we saw a huge crowd gathered. They were standing close to one great building, a mill that still belched smoke and flame to tantalize the men outside. A tiny figure, when seen so far, a man stood on a box that lifted him above his fellows. We could not hear what he said, but his right arm lifted again and again and the fist was clenched. Two men ran close to the side of our car; one carried a long pole ending frighteningly with a tied-on knife and the other was armed with a club.

The girl in the back seat leaned close to the window. "It's a strike," she said. And then speaking slowly and quite to herself, "There won't be no job." And I thought of the young man out on the road working to put new life in the ancient car so he could reach the steel-mill country where there was lots of work for his kind. I hoped that the storm had veered around and not yet hit the lonely place in the road out there.

The baby slept all through that halted frightening trip and out onto the open road again. He did not waken when, far down the road we were traveling, came the shrill scream of police-car sirens, piercing and louder and louder and louder till the first car passed us—and then again that first high note, coming closer and closer and closer and passing. There were six of these cars in all. They were filled with men in uniform. There were some of these men who would not come back alive along this road, but then there were some out there in the field who would also die, so there was no answer. Of course I knew none of this till later.

"Which way?" questioned my husband, once we were in the limits of South Chicago.

The girl again insisted she could easily make her way home on foot, carrying the baby and the bag.

"It means only five minutes extra in a car to take you to your mother's door," said my husband.

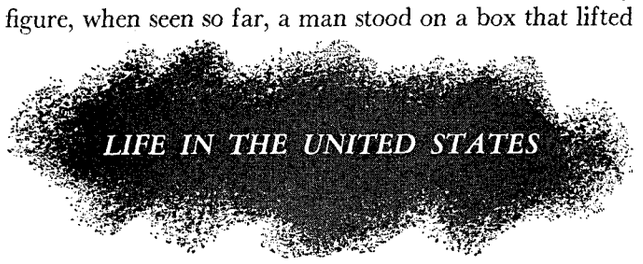
The girl did not argue. She gave him the street and number of her mother's house. We none of us spoke again till we reached it. It was queer, but we did not mention those six police cars filled with men with their screaming sirens and strapped-on guns, nor the men back there in the street with the staff and club.

We turned from the brightly lighted streets of the center of town to an older section. In this part, the houses were thin-looking, narrow, built of wood, and three flats high—or four if you counted the basement where the steps led down below the level of the sidewalk. It was evident that people were living there.

The girl slipped out of the back seat and stood by the car door. "Thanks a lot," she said.

And I had a feeling of shipwreck. There I sat, comfortable, protected, while close enough so that I could touch her, another woman was drifting away from where I could help her. South Chicago is not so far in point of miles from where I live, but it might as well have been Timbuktu. Somehow I knew that if I came again the girl would be gone without a trace. Funny, when faced with human need, that we humans so often should open our pocketbooks, nothing more. I did as my husband had done, and as hers had done, the girl refused.

Without a word she went down the steps that led to the under-street-level flat, carrying her baby in one arm, the bundle under the crook of the other.



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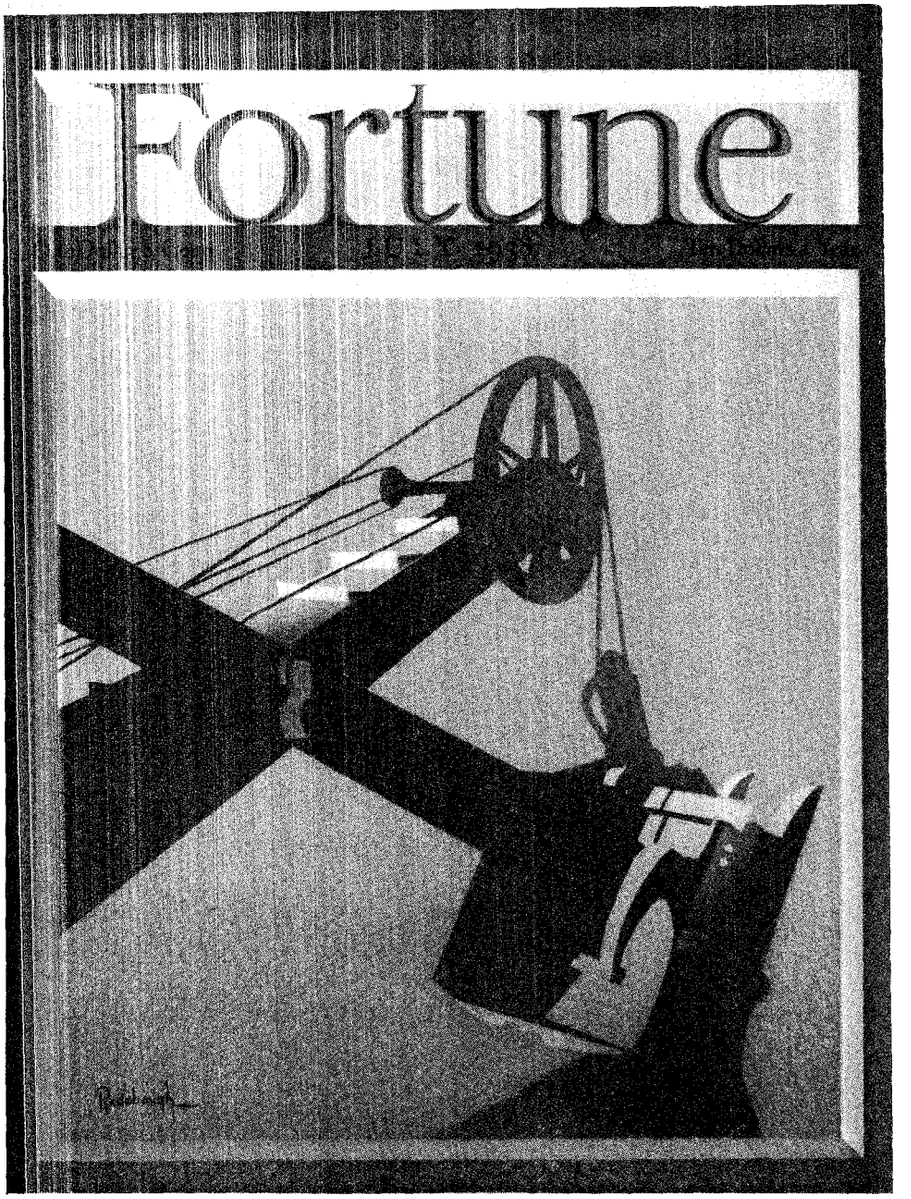

Romantic Business

WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

$1-a-copy journalism aimed at tycoons . . . female research and 143,000 readers . . . earning half a million a year for Time, Inc.

FORTUNE is the world's outstanding exponent of plush journalism. Its editors, long accustomed to prodigal expenditures, proudly talk of doing things "in the *Fortune* manner." The *Fortune* manner may mean spending $12,000 on the research for a single story. It means commissioning oil paintings of industrial tycoons for the sole purpose of reproduction in *Fortune*. It means de luxe color gravure and high-priced writers who, with research expenses included, cost the company twenty-seven cents every time they write a word. The *Fortune* manner means, in short, everything lavish in the production of a magazine whose editorial fare is itself rich and heavy as *bombe glacé*. But the *Fortune* manner also means a vivid and successful type of American journalism.

Fortune is damned by left-wing liberals as a "Babbitt's Bible" and, sometimes, cursed by corporations as the product of parlor pinks. To the plain, ordinary reader it is none of these things. To him it is an interesting and thorough chronicle of our business civilization. For the editors have just enough of the country yokel's awe of things Big and Successful to tickle the fancy of average Americans getting ahead in the world.

The chief secret of the magazine's success lies not, however, in its semiromantic treatment of business achievement, but in the fact that it satisfies man's basic love of gossip. In *Fortune* the businessman can find much of the backstairs chitchat about the other fellow's business. He can also get, to be sure, a sober survey of problems and background. But the priceless ingredient of the *Fortune* formula is its spicy material on what takes place behind the scenes in U. S. Steel or the munitions industry. Anybody can get dust-dry business statistics in a score of trade papers, or find scholarly articles on the outlook for Amalgamated Bottle Opener, Inc., in the financial sections of the Sunday newspapers. But no other publication makes these same facts come to life so effectively as *Fortune,* or adds so many apparently intimate glimpses of the events and personalities back of the facts.

The original concept of the magazine sprang in 1928 from the brain of *Time's* co-founder, Henry R. Luce. Business, he apparently argued, was the distinctive expression of American genius. He felt that the financial section of *Time* was too limited in space to tell the story of business in all its "historic proportions." He proposed, therefore, to found a magazine which would "reflect industrial life as faithfully in ink and paper and word and picture as the finest skyscraper reflects it in stone and steel and architecture."

With this fancy idea in mind, the editors of *Time* set up an "experimental department" in 1928 to mull over plans. The name *Fortune* was supplied by Luce, who is said to have thought of it while riding on a West Side subway late at night. The money, over $160,000, came from the treasury of *Time,* which had been started in 1923 with only $85,000. *Time* likewise supplied the nucleus of an editorial staff, as well as a managing editor, Parker Lloyd-Smith, a neurotic genius who two years later committed suicide by flinging himself from a hotel window.

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"The Labor Governors"

. . . are Frank Murphy of Michigan and George Earle of Pennsylvania. One is an ascetic Irishman from a country town; the other, a good-living Philadelphian whose pride is that he "rose from the rich." Their aims are similar: to give labor a break.

THE automobile takes one-fifth of the steel that is fabricated in the U.S. That fact alone has indissolubly linked the fortunes of Pennsylvania with the fortunes of Michigan. True enough that the mills of Gary, Indiana, and Ecorse on the Detroit River produce a good deal of steel for automobile bodies and parts. Nevertheless, there is a definite reciprocal relationship between the mills and the mines of the Pittsburgh area and the automobile output of the Michigan factory towns. In 1932, when automobile production was limping along at 35,000 units a month, the mills of the Pittsburgh area were at 17 per cent of capacity. In 1937, when automotive production hit a stalwart stride of 400,000 monthly units, Pittsburgh steel was at 90 per cent of capacity. These figures when properly interpreted go far to explain the recent labor troubles and the present labor politics of two states that were once fabulous strongholds of U.S. Republicanism.

For years in the vociferously Republican state of Pennsylvania the steel companies fought off unionism by controlling the government at Harrisburg, by deputizing their own more "loyal" employees as anti-union police. For years the motormen of conservative Detroit imported their labor from the South, where unionism was linked by the Klan orators with communism or the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, as might suit the case. Each method was effective; steel and automobiles remained effectively non-union. But each method collapsed after the prolonged duress of depression had given labor the idea that it should take its future under prosperity into its own hands. And when the collapse came, the result was a resurgence of labor in Pennsylvania and Michigan that followed an identical pattern. Unwilling to take the tame cats of the American Federation of Labor when they had the chance, the steel men and the automobile men found themselves confronted by John L. Lewis's tigerish C. I. O. In Pennsylvania the C. I. O. took the form of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee; in Michigan it was the United Automobile Workers of America. And behind each organization there stood a "labor" Governor who subscribed to the unfamiliar doctrine that state troops should not take sides in industrial disputes. To be sure, neither Governor had risen *from* labor. But each

conference in his office to decide what ought to be done. Their new magazine had, after all, been conceived during a bull market. Should they postpone publication for a while, or even abandon the whole project? If business were on the verge of going to hell, would business appreciate a new chronicle—at one dollar a copy?

After considerable pondering, they decided to take the cold-water plunge. "Business is slipping," said they, "but we will publish the new magazine regardless. Maybe the very fact that business is in for a tough time will make business even more interesting to write about. But we will not be over-optimistic; *we will recognize that this business slump may last as long as an entire year.*"

The first issue, dated February, 1930, went to 30,000 subscribers. It contained articles on branch banking, how to slaughter hogs, how to raise orchids, how to live in Chicago on $25,000 a year. Compared with later numbers, the first issue seems even more amateurish than the first copy of *Time.* But the new magazine quickly took root. The record:

Year	Circulation *Average Per Issue*	Advertising *Pages*	Advertising *Revenue*
1930	34,000	779	$354,230.14
1931	47,000	809	508,966.56
1932	56,000	531	371,238.86
1933	75,000	573	411,521.56
1934	96,000	1,253	910,503.44
1935	114,000	1,163	1,180,822.65
1936	139,000	1,359	1,375,413.28
1937	143,000	1,412	1,726,222.13

To potential subscribers the new magazine sent a prospectus which ecstatically proclaimed that covering the industrial civilization was "the greatest journalistic assignment in history," and continued with such purple passages as this: "Business takes *Fortune* to the tip of the wing of the airplane and through the depths of the ocean along bebarnacled cables. It forces *Fortune* to peer into dazzling furnaces and into the faces of bankers. *Fortune* must follow the chemist to the brink of worlds newer than Columbus found and it must jog with freight cars across Nevada's desert. *Fortune* is involved in the fashions of flappers and in glass made from sand. It is packed in millions of cans and saluted by Boards of Directors on the pinnacles of skyscrapers. . . . Into all these matters *Fortune* will inquire with unbridled curiosity. . . ."

By the late summer of 1929 the experimental department had produced a dummy. Subscriptions were being solicited at the unheard price of one dollar a copy, and Vol. 1, No. 1 was scheduled to appear the first of the year.

Then, with dizzy and dramatic suddenness, the whole economy of the U. S. exploded in *Fortune's* face. A few days after the market crash, Luce called his associates into

Fortune's profits have never, save for one year—1937—been officially revealed. But it is a conservative estimate that during its eight years of operation it has earned a net of approximately $1,300,000. The losses for the first year—1930—were around $150,000. But in 1931 the magazine turned the corner and showed a profit of some $30,000. 1932 showed a loss about equal to that, and 1933 was almost an exact stand-off. Thereafter *Fortune* has consistently made money. It made over $200,000 in 1934 and did more than twice as well in 1935. It did not hit quite $400,000 in 1936, but 1937 was its best year so far with a net profit of $498,000. In fact, with *Life's* losses eating up *Time's* profits, these earnings of *Fortune* saved Time, Inc., from going into the red. But *Fortune's* earnings have comprised only a small part of the income of Luce's publications. During the years 1930 to 1937 inclusive its total net of $1,300,000 was but 15 per cent of the profit of Time, Inc., excluding income from the firm's investment account.

II

THE deepening of the depression had a profound influence on the editorial philosophy of *Fortune.* The editors

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began to extend their intellectual horizon beyond the sphere of big business. They delved more and more into politics, government, social questions generally. According to the researches of one ex-*Fortune* writer, Dwight Macdonald, only 22 per cent of the articles printed in 1930 dealt with non-business subjects. By 1933 the proportion had risen to 41 per cent, by 1936 to 55 per cent. Macdonald himself thinks this development came about because the editors sensed that "the New Deal was news and that big business, temporarily, wasn't." But *Fortune* did more than recognize that the capital of the United States had been moved from New York to Washington. It humanized itself, until readers were not surprised to find articles on such subjects as café society and birth control. This broadening of the editorial base was accompanied by a virtual doubling of advertising appeal. *Fortune* began selling what it termed "a dual market" and maintaining that its readers were "People-in-Houses" as well as "Executives-in-Offices." Maybe this was all coincidental; possibly the right hand really didn't know what the left hand was doing. But in any case it was a happy coincidence which permitted the broadening of both editorial base and advertising appeal. And planned or unplanned, *Fortune* found it had a better story for advertisers of consumer products once its editors were not primarily concerned with business *per se*.

Today a typical issue of *Fortune*, averaging seven articles, contains some combination of the following:

1. Two corporation stories, one about a company in the heavy-industry field, the other about a company in the consumer-goods field, as for example, Caterpillar Tractor and Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., in the May issue.

2. A political or sociological piece, as for example, "Mr. Roosevelt's Party," in the June number.

3. A "recapitulation" story in which *Fortune* analyzes "a segment of contemporary history"—for instance, its series appraising Ivar Kreuger's career and the events leading up to his suicide.

4. A "locality" story in which the editors analyze life in places such as Philadelphia.

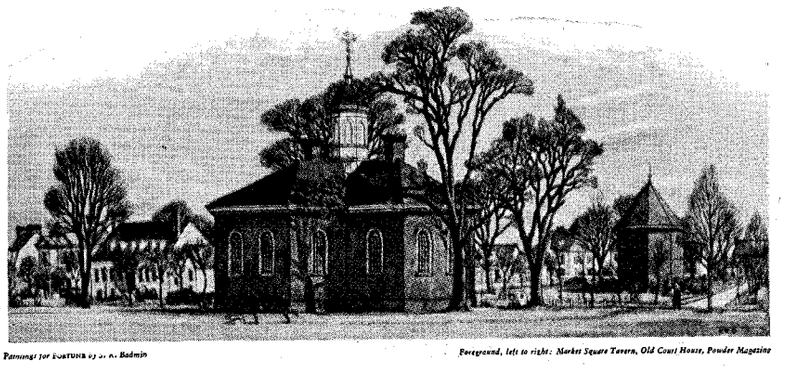
5. A "family" story, about the Mellons of Pittsburgh, the Mitsuis of Japan, or a family on relief.

6. An economic study of some foreign country, as for example, the current series on South America.

7. A story about an industry, such as radios or tires.

Depression did more than widen the editorial scope of Luce's editors; it also gave rise to a faintly critical note in *Fortune's* pages. You will search in vain through the prospectus and through the first issue for any hint that *Fortune* was going to criticize the industrial system. Today, though the magazine officially believes in the capitalist regime, it likes, on occasion, to throw little spitballs at the tycoons. In 1935, for example, *Fortune* praised Campbell Soup for its low-profit policy, but criticized the company's late president, John Dorrance, who left all his immense wealth to his family. A few living industrialists have also come in for pinpricks, as for example, Edward Budd of the Budd Manufacturing Company whom *Fortune* called a wonderful engineer but an indifferent businessman. And the editors take pride in their critical editorials on business, one of which scolded the tycoons for blindly obstructing New Deal reforms.

Nevertheless, a common impression exists that there is an iniquitous connection between the advertising and the articles in *Fortune*. Frequently, too, the magazine is asked: "Do corporations pay you for writing those stories?" Such naïve inquiries amuse the editors. They are not influenced by crude attempts of corporations to bring pressure through advertising. The makers of a widely advertised automobile once bluntly tried to make *Fortune* change some inferences in a story about the company. They were met with a cold refusal. When *Fortune* is in-



Foreground, left to right: Market Square Tavern, Old Court House, Powder Magazine

Painting for FORTUNE by J. N. Badmin

Mr. Rockefeller's $14,000,000 Idyl

. . . which is the Colonial City of Williamsburg, second capital of Virginia, now restored to history.

THE result of eight years' work and an outlay of some $14,000,000,* the Williamsburg restoration may now be described as formally completed and ready for public inspection. Actually the restoration began not eight but fully ten years ago. It began one day in 1925 in the mouth of a Reverend Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, Rector of Bruton Parish in Williamsburg and then professor of Biblical literature at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, who came up to New York and stood before an assemblage of Phi Beta Kappa brains and before John Davison Rockefeller Jr. To them he told of the past and something of the present of his college (which had given birth to Phi Beta Kappa), of his church (said to be the oldest Episcopal church in continuous use in America), and of his town. Dr. Goodwin spoke to such good purpose that he changed the history of that town.

The story of the Colonial City of Williamsburg in Virginia is the story of the four seasons it has run through. The first season began in 1633 with the founding, by offshoots of Jamestown, of Middle Plantation. The second opened in 1699 when Middle Plantation was chosen as the site for the new capital, for a city which in the honor and glory of its sovereign was forever after to wear the name of Williamsburg; and that high summer ended in 1779 with the removal of the capital to Richmond.

WILLIAMSBURG, during that second season, was two things: a mercantile and plantation town, and a capital and metropolis. As the former it never at any time numbered more than 2,000 residents (Negroes but not livestock included); most of the really snorty families lived along the land, well out of bounds, and came to town only on business or pleasure. But it was during the fall and again during the spring, when the Assemblies were held, that the town really came raring awake. For two weeks or more, four times in the year, the inns, taverns, pubs, ordinaries, private homes, and bordering plantations packed in five and six thousand people among whom you could reach out your hand and touch every man of any social, political, or economic stature and ambition and every tinhorn, gyp, and low-lifer, male and female, of any initiative, coalesced from the wild green country into a fortnight's solid apoplexy of politics, commerce, banqueting, bootsniffing, socialization, merrymaking, and hell-raising. Every possible event was adjusted within these public fortnights. The Assemblies were held, the courts sat, merchants gathered on the Exchange beyond the capitol; and these functions were the excuse also for fairs, puppet shows, contests in beauty, fiddling, and dancing; for foot races from the college to the capitol (three-quarters of a mile) and for chasing soaped-tailed hogs; for horse races and for cockfighting; for slave auctions and raffles. Merchants hung out the latest London fashions; the theatre season hit high water. (America's first theatre, at Williamsburg, dates as early as 1716.) An otherwise contemptuous visiting Englishman wrote in amazement of "the prodigious number of Coaches that crowd the deep and sandy Streets of this little City." These were the people in attendance at the balls, banquets, and displays of fireworks staged at the Governor's Palace, and so numerous were they that Colonel Spotswood (Governor 1710-22) makes quite casual note of entertaining 400 guests at an official supper; so well turned out that Governor Gooch (1727-49) wrote to his brother: "The Gentmn. and Ladies here are perfectly well bred, not an ill Dancer in my Govmt."

As for that political end of its history which makes of Williamsburg the half

*Three months old, the figure comes from a reliable but unofficial source, cannot be considered either as perfectly accurate or as definitive. Work will continue, for one thing; for another, modest Mr. Rockefeller does not like to talk about money.

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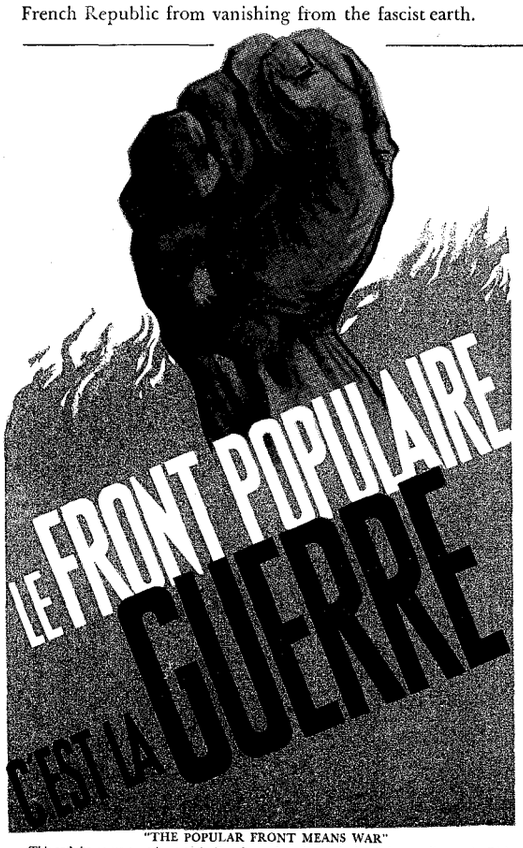
Background of War: IV

Le Front Populaire

A government of the Workers, by the Intellectuals, for the Bourgeoisie keeps the French Republic from vanishing from the fascist earth.



"THE POPULAR FRONT MEANS WAR"

This and the poster opposite state the French paradox: the war-hating Left, according to the Right, "means war." The bourgeois-baiting Communists, according to themselves, defend the bourgeois family.

This is the fourth of a series of articles bearing the common title: Background of War. *The first dealt with British foreign policy after the rise of Hitler. The second dealt with the origins of the fascist attack upon the people's front government of Spain. The third dealt with internal conditions in Hitler's Germany. In all three the "background of war" was found to be one aspect or another of the rise of fascism: in the first the significance of the British failure to deal diplomatically with the fascist powers and Britain's determination to outarm them; in the second the implications of the invasion of republican Spain by the Fascist International; in the third the social stability of the Third Reich and the likelihood of an aggressive Nazi war. The present article deals with the relation between European fascism and the last great continental European democracy, France.*

THE French Popular Front is not a government *of* France: it is a government *in* Europe. The difference is considerable. Europe is now, and for some years has been, a continent at war. The war is not the Second World War about which the diplomats are so eloquent. The war is a present Civil War about which the diplomats are not eloquent at all. It is a Civil War between the Haves and the Have-Nots. It is a war which has raged in Spain for almost a year. It is a war which has been driven underground in Germany for four years and suppressed in Italy for fifteen. It is a war which has also smoldered in France.

The peculiarity and the especial danger of this European Civil War is the fact that it is a Civil War which involves nations as well as classes and the fact that the difference between nations and classes is not clear. Certain nations consider that their national interests are involved wherever in Europe a certain class is threatened. They consider the Civil War, wherever it takes place, a war involving them. The frontiers of Germany are at Aix-la-Chapelle. But the frontiers of Hitler are on the Manzanares River south of Madrid.

It is for this reason that the French Popular Front government is a government *in* Europe rather than a government *of* France. The French Popular Front government is a government which exists to save France from the fate of Spain. When the Popular Front was formed between 1934 and 1936, the subterranean Civil War in France was

fluenced, the process is more subtle—a friendly hint from a tycoon, a luncheon talk with a banker at the Cloud Club. But by all standards of comparison, *Fortune's* editorial integrity is of the highest. A rich magazine can afford to be reasonably independent.

III

TO OBSERVE the grindings of the Fortune editorial mill, let us imagine we are present in the magazine's coldly modern offices in Rockefeller Center, New York, at eleven o'clock of a Wednesday morning. The weekly editorial conference is in process. Present is bespectacled Publisher Eric Hodgins, a genial man of thirty-nine with an inquisitive look and a reputation as the firm's No. 1 wit. Close by is Managing Editor Russell W. Davenport who, owing to an impediment of hearing, sits with head thrust forward, hand cupped to ear. Around the circle are the art editor, three or four editorial assistants, and pretty, dark-haired Patricia Divver, who is in charge of *Fortune's* all-female research staff. The conference busily tears apart and remakes the editorial schedule, and sifts through suggestions for stories which may come from anybody in the firm. (An office boy made the rather obvious suggestion for a story on the *Reader's Digest* which *Fortune* published in November, 1936.)

When a story idea looks interesting, it is turned over to Richardson Wood, chief *Fortune* scout and contact man. If the subject is a corporation, he consults Standard Statistics, reads trade papers, interviews experts. If, in his opinion, there is enough good material for an article, the managing editor assigns a writer and a researcher to it, and negotiations to get the story are ready to begin.

To simplify, let us assume the piece is a corporation story. The publisher or managing editor will send to the corporation's head one of *Fortune's* famed opening letters. It runs about as follows:

"Your company impresses *Fortune* as being one whose doings are sufficiently significant to give us a mandate to tell your story in our pages. We ask that you co-operate with us by telling us the story of your corporate life, letting us photograph your factory, and appointing an official contact man to whom *Fortune's* writer and researcher may come for information. Our story of your company will be a better story with this co-operation than without it, and if you give it to us we will in turn submit the manuscript to you and will (a) correct all demonstrable errors of fact, and (b) discuss to the fullest extent, but frankly reserving to ourselves the final decision, all matters of emphasis and interpretation of fact."

In *Fortune's* earlier years it was sometimes necessary to resort to a squeeze play to get a story out of a corporation. The editors collected as much information as they could find and submitted a story-draft to the company's officers. When the company protested against errors or omissions, *Fortune* invited it to make corrections, with the inevitable result that the whole story was usually revealed. However, as *Fortune's* acceptance by the business world grew, it became unnecessary to use this device to secure the main outlines of a story. Today the squeeze-play technique is used mainly to obtain information on some particular phase of a corporation's history, such as gross sales or net earnings.

Every *Fortune* story is produced by a team consisting of a writer and one or more research girls. They are expected to investigate their subject as thoroughly as if they were preparing a Ph.D. thesis. The team invades the corporation's offices, scooping up books, pamphlets, records, and interviewing officials from top to bottom of the company. This may take several weeks and involve considerable traveling. Then the team withdraws to digest its material and compare notes.

The writer spends a month or more synthesizing this

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material and pounding out a manuscript. When it is completed, his work is by no means over. Hodgins estimates that not more than a dozen of the 800 or 900 main stories published in *Fortune* since 1930 have gone through to the composing room without "copious revision or complete redrafting." Of course there is nothing distinctive in this technique; every well-run magazine revises and rewrites manuscripts. *Fortune* may have more money and more editors to make suggestions and more time to spend improving copy. The editors like to term their technique "group journalism," but stripped of all its fluff, this high-sounding phrase means simply that the writer doesn't dig out all the facts for a story by himself. What differentiates *Fortune* is its research staff—nineteen serious-minded young ladies who assemble facts and then check them for accuracy. The manuscript is then submitted to the corporation for "demonstrable errors of fact," and for criticism which the *Fortune* editors have promised to "discuss to the fullest extent."

Despite all these exhaustive precautions, *Fortune* continues to make a few errors. This was demonstrated last year when it offered five dollars to readers who spotted mistakes. The reward brought in only sixty-seven letters, but when *Fortune* upped it to ten dollars the response was overwhelming. The magazine received nearly a thousand letters, acknowledged two "major errors" (both actually trifling), pleaded guilty to twenty-three "minor ones," and allowed forty "small points." As a result *Fortune* wrote checks totaling $4000 and abandoned the whole stunt—not because of the $4000, which is a mere bagatelle for a Luce magazine, but because too much time was being consumed reading, segregating, and answering the letters.

Occasionally the magazine makes naïve errors in judgment. In March, 1934, it published a respectful eulogy of the Van Sweringens, Cleveland's bachelor brothers of railroading whose slick financial juggling got them into hot water up to the ears. Last October, with the stock market plunging to new lows and business skidding into the "Roosevelt recession," *Fortune* led off an article on unemployment with the flat statement: "The depression is over. No event marked its ending as the stock market crash of 1929 marked its beginning; hence how long it has been over no one can ever say. But everyone is willing to admit that it has been over for some time."

IV

WHEREAS *Time* writers, relatively sane workaday journalists, cause the firm little trouble, the *Fortune* staff is a collection of literary prima donnas who give Luce many a headache. He is forced to put up with the eccentricities of the artistic temperament because he long ago found that it is easier to teach skilled writers the facts about business than to teach business experts how to write. This has led to the paradoxical situation that *Fortune*, a magazine for business, is in no small part written by left-wing liberals whose private views many a businessman would find shocking indeed. These pinko tendencies on the *Fortune* staff are another source of worry to Luce, who last summer felt it necessary to remind the senior writers, at an editorial luncheon in the Chrysler Building's de luxe Cloud Club, that, after all, we still live under a capitalist regime.

Fortune's top writer is the poet Archibald MacLeish who, now on leave of absence, has been working nine months out of twelve for $15,000. He and Laird S. Goldsborough of *Time* are pet Lucelings; they have the knack of turning out stories with a quality as even and sustained as if they had come off a factory production line. *Fortune's* other leading writers are paid $10,000 a year and up, and they earn every nickel of it.

The creation of a *Fortune* story is a difficult job which calls for a special combina- (*continued on page* 56)

Flintabbatey Flonatin, Esq.

. . . or the tale of Hudson Bay Mining, and its $27,500,000 investment in Manitoba's bush. Moral: success comes to those used to it, in this case the Whitneys.

FLIN FLON is the fantastic name of the place. It lies on the raw edge of the Canadian subarctic frontier and is, of course, a mining town—Hudson Bay Mining. Quickest way to get there is to fly from Winnipeg, as some do, although this means chartering a plane. Otherwise you can take one of the Canadian National's thrice weekly northbound trains out of Winnipeg, a twenty-five-hour trip slanting 450 miles across Manitoba. The wheat fields of the prairie soon give way to the knobby hills, the lakes, the wind-warped jack pines, and the tamarack of the bush country. Early in the morning the train slides into the formless huddle of houses on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, called The Pas, which considers itself "the gateway of the north country." Just beyond, the track takes two forks. One, the Hudson Bay Line, veers northeast to Churchill on Hudson Bay, 500 miles away. The other takes an eighty-seven mile jog northwest, depositing you presently at the foot of Main Street, Flin Flon, at Latitude 54° 40″ north. And here, smack against the Saskatchewan boundary and 820 miles south of the Arctic Circle, is the end of steel.

Outwardly the town is a little of Bret Harte, a little of Jack London. Stony hills all around, and flimsy-looking houses propped on the slopes. False-front stores on the main street. "Pay-day specials" advertised in the shops. A trapper's dog team hurtling out of a side lot, with the driver cursing and the dogs wild under the cut of the long whip. Temperatures of fifty below during the long winter; muskeg bogs and hordes of flies in the summer; and oceans of mud during the spring breakup, when the frost goes out of the slag and rock ballasting the streets. Inevitably the best eating place is called the Northern Light Café; inevitably, too, it is run by a Chinaman. And inevitably the richest man in town is one who arrived, a short ten years ago, with a case of whiskey on his back, a couple of decks of cards, and a gambler's luck.

There isn't much to Flin Flon. It is just a boisterous shout in a wilderness. What there is constitutes the fourth-largest community in Manitoba—four hotels, two weekly newspapers, a radio station, two banks, six churches, two airplanes for charter, a stockbroker's office, about 180 automobiles, a $20,000 hockey rink seating about 1,300 persons, and the largest Elks' lodge in Canada. The place fairly crawls with children. For most citizens the worst dissipation is an ice-cream soda after the movies, beer and traveling salesman jokes at the monthly Canadian Legion smokers, and speculating in penny mining stocks. Sergeant John Joseph Molloy of the

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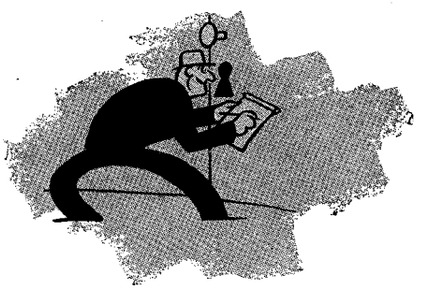
The Most Overrated People in America

TWENTY GROUPS *of Americans . . . drawn up for readers who wish to help name the twenty most overrated personalities of our day . . . caricatures by Otto Soglow*

THIS MONTH SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE invites its readers to join in naming the twenty most overrated people in America—overrated not simply by the masses, but by people who should know better.

To get the balloting started we here present twenty groups of potential nominees. Some may be overrated, some underrated and some not rated at all. In any case, the reader's task is to select from each group the person most overrated in that particular field. Check that name. If the printed list seems unsatisfactory and the reader believes he has better nominees, he may write in names



of his own candidates. Once he has compiled his list of twenty he should mail it to Room 3502, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Readers who do not wish to tear out these two pages may type out their lists of twenty and mail them in. Or they may write them out in longhand or make use of the printed blank on page 51.

The first returns will be published in our October issue. Readers are advised to keep a record of their own selections (by preserving either these pages or the blank on page 51) so as to compare with the consensus. Families, or parties, preparing several lists may use different symbols (crosses, checks, etc.) or varied colored pencils and inks.

I

Charlie McCarthy ☐ W. C. Fields ☐
Jack Benny ☐ David Sarnoff ☐
Eddie Cantor ☐ Ben Bernie ☐

II

Jo Mielziner ☐ Orson Welles ☐
Maxwell Anderson ☐ The Lunts ☐
Katharine Cornell ☐ Clifford Odets ☐
George M. Cohan ☐ George Abbott ☐
Tallulah Bankhead ☐ Ed Wynn ☐

III

Mrs. Roosevelt ☐ Albert Einstein ☐
Chief Justice Hughes ☐ The Quins ☐
Tom Mooney ☐

IV

John Steinbeck ☐ Margaret Mitchell ☐
Thomas Wolfe ☐ Thornton Wilder ☐
Alexander Woollcott ☐ John O'Hara ☐
James Farrell ☐ Robert Nathan ☐

V

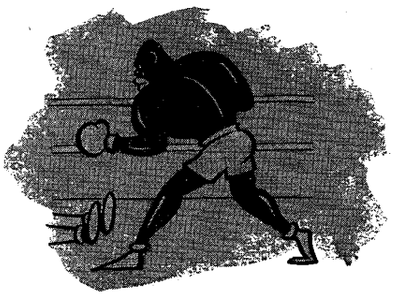
Admiral Byrd ☐ Henry L. Mencken ☐
John Barrymore ☐ Herbert Hoover ☐
Walter Hampden ☐ Alfred Landon ☐
Graham McNamee ☐ Sinclair Lewis ☐

VI

Boake Carter ☐ Ted Husing ☐
Major Bowes ☐ Clifton Fadiman ☐
Voice of Experience ☐ Phil Lord ☐

VII

Joe Louis ☐ Johnny Vander Meer ☐
Donald Budge ☐ Bill Terry ☐



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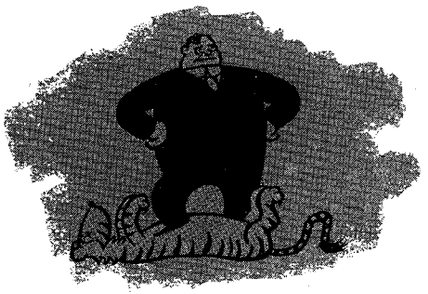
VIII

Stuart Chase ☐ George Gallup ☐
Charles Beard ☐ Walter Lippmann ☐
Robert Forsythe ☐ Glenn Frank ☐
Harry Elmer Barnes ☐



IX

Mayor Fiorello La Guardia ☐
Thomas Corcoran ☐ John L. Lewis ☐
Representative Bruce Barton ☐
Governor Frank Murphy ☐
Governor George Earle ☐
Paul V. McNutt ☐

X

Nicholas Murray Butler ☐
Robert Hutchins ☐ James Conant ☐
Harry Woodburn Chase ☐
Ray Lyman Wilbur ☐

XI

Thomas Dewey ☐ J. Edgar Hoover ☐
Warden Lewis E. Lawes ☐
Al Capone ☐

XII

Dr. J. B. Rhine ☐ Alexis Carrel ☐
Dale Carnegie ☐ Emil Ludwig ☐
Hendrik Willem van Loon ☐

XIII

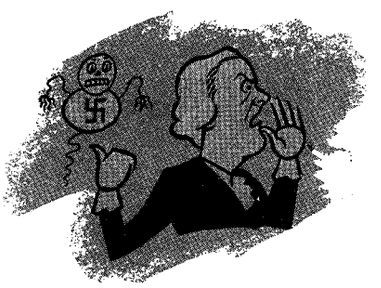
Leopold Stokowski ☐ Grace Moore ☐
Benny Goodman ☐ Paul Whiteman ☐
Lawrence Tibbett ☐ Rubinoff ☐
Eddie Duchin ☐ Nelson Eddy ☐

XIV

Rockwell Kent ☐ Reginald Marsh ☐
John Sloan ☐ Grant Wood ☐
Margaret Bourke-White ☐ Peter Arno ☐

XV

Mark Sullivan ☐ Charles Driscoll ☐
Westbrook Pegler ☐ Hugh Johnson ☐
Heywood Broun ☐ Walter Winchell ☐
Lucius Beebe ☐ Dorothy Thompson ☐
Robert S. Allen & Drew Pearson ☐
Eleanor Roosevelt ☐



XVI

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. ☐
James Roosevelt ☐ Charles Edison ☐
Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. ☐
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. ☐
Phil La Follette ☐ Edsel Ford ☐
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. ☐

XVII

President Roosevelt ☐
Vice-President Garner ☐
Secretary Wallace ☐ Secretary Hull ☐
Postmaster Farley ☐ Secretary Ickes ☐
Secretary Perkins ☐ Secretary Roper ☐
Attorney General Cummings ☐
Secretary Morgenthau ☐
Secretary Woodring ☐
Secretary Swanson ☐

XVIII

Grover Whalen ☐ Arthur Murray ☐
Sam Goldwyn ☐ Charles Michelson ☐
John Ringling North ☐ Billy Rose ☐

XIX

Shirley Temple ☐ Frank Capra ☐
Katharine Hepburn ☐ Errol Flynn ☐
Greta Garbo ☐ Myrna Loy ☐
Snow White ☐ Simone Simon ☐
Ritz Brothers ☐ Will Hays ☐
Darryl Zanuck ☐ Kay Francis ☐
Dennis King ☐ Burgess Meredith ☐
Cornelia Otis Skinner ☐
Norma Shearer ☐

XX

Senator Guy Gillette ☐
Senator Arthur Vandenberg ☐
Senator Robert La Follette ☐
Senator Alben Barkley ☐
Senator Tom Connally ☐

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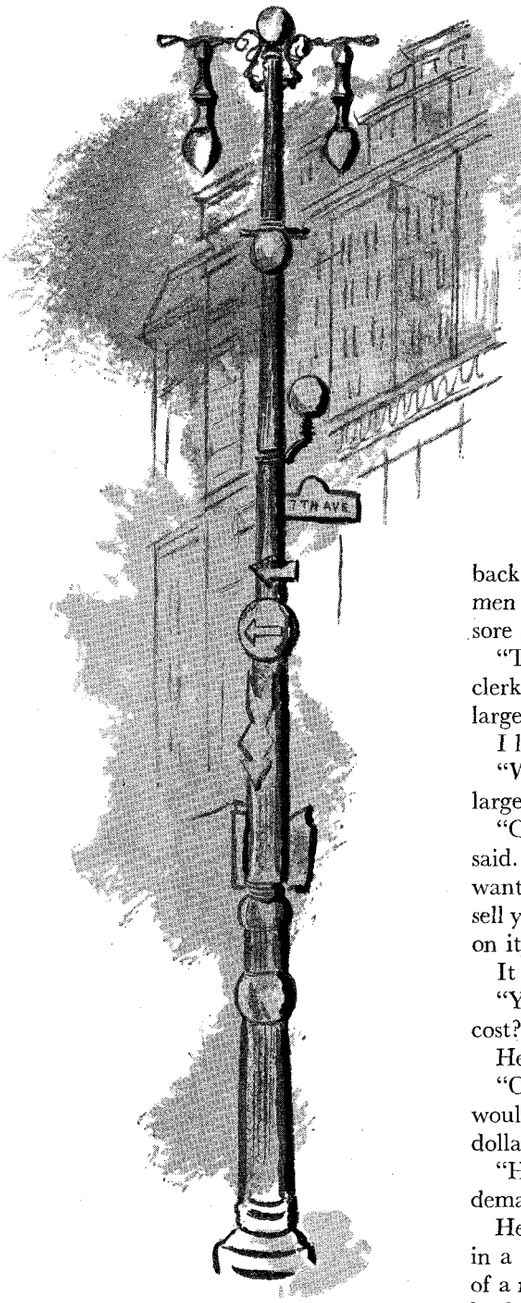

What's in It for Me?

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

Author of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale"

I LEANED on the counter in the advertising department of the *Daily News Record* and worked on the ad. I knew what I wanted to say, but careful wording was important. Not that I was worried about literary style, but it had to tell enough and yet not too much. Finally, I settled for this:

> SALESMAN: Excellent following, with capital to invest in going concern making better-priced dresses. Address by mail only.

"Okay," I said to the clerk. "I guess this is all right."

I felt a little peeved as I watched him count the words; a smart guy like me—smart? brilliant!—having to get back into the dress business like this, by the back door, because some lousy credit men had met their match and were still sore about it.

"That'll be three seventy-five," the clerk said. "Unless you want it put in a larger box with a border?"

I looked at him curiously.

"What'll it cost if I want it put in a larger box with a border?"

"Oh, well, there's really no limit," he said. "Depends on how much space you want." He laughed. "We could even sell you a full page with just those words on it, if you wanted."

It wasn't a half-bad idea.

"Yeah?" I said. "What would that cost?"

He laughed again.

"Oh, I was only kidding you, sir. You wouldn't want to spend a few hundred dollars on—"

"How do you know I wouldn't?" I demanded. "What'll it cost?"

He stopped laughing and watched me in a funny way as he turned the pages of a rate book. Everybody else's business he knew by heart. His own he had to look up.

"That would be five hundred and fifty dollars, sir," he said finally. "But I'm sure you—"

If he knew me better he wouldn't be sure about anything. "I'll take it," I snapped. "Put it somewhere up front, with a nice heavy—"

He opened his mouth in amazement.

"A full page, sir?"

"Yeah, a full page. See that it gets a nice heavy border and center the words clearly in the middle of the page, with plenty of white space all around."

"Yes, *sir!*" he said briskly and began to play around with a pad of printed sheets.

I wanted to laugh at the way he swung the pad around to face me and handed me a pen. For five hundred and fifty dollars you could get all the respect you wanted.

"I guess you want a check in advance. Right?"

He nodded, and as I wrote the check I saw him read the signature and look up at me again.

"Oh," he said. "Mr. Bogen!"

I grinned at him.

"Remember me, eh?"

He smiled and shook his head admiringly.

"I certainly do. Six months ago, when that Apex Modes case was in court, your name was all over our front page for weeks."

What a way to go down to posterity! In the files of the *Daily News Record!*

"Well, I've got to go," I said. "You run that ad tomorrow and I'll—" I stopped. "Oh, by the way. Did you see *Smile Out Loud* yet?"

He glanced up, surprised and pleased.

"Why, no, Mr. Bogen. I—"

"I'll see that you get a couple of tickets."

"Say, thanks, Mr. Bogen! That certainly is nice of you."

What a dope! Thanking people before he gets things.

"It's nothing at all," I said, waving my hand. "I'll see that Miss Mills gets you a couple of good ones."

He perked up at once.

"Martha Mills? You're still—"

I guess he'd read those front pages pretty carefully.

"Yeah," I said, nodding and grinning. "I'm still."

He looked embarrassed.

"Sorry," he said. "I hope you don't think I meant anything by saying—"

What could he mean? I loved it.

"Forget it," I said. "I'll tell Martha to send you a couple of good tickets."

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"Maybe I'd better jot my name down for you, Mr. Bogen?"

"Don't bother," I said. "Just tell it to me. I never forgot a name yet."

Except when I made a conscious effort to do so, as in this case.

"Selmanowitz," he said. "Morton Selmanowitz. You can send them here, care of the *Daily News Record.*"

"Selmanowitz," I said. "I got it. It's as good as done. Selmanowitz."

"Thanks again, Mr. Bogen."

"So long," I said.

"So long, Mr. Bogen."

In the street I whistled for a cab and fell into the back seat.

"Rector Theater," I said.

II

I WALKED into the theater through the stage entrance and found Martha perched on the ledge of Dumpor's window, swinging her leg and smoking a cigarette.

"Nobody is ever going to set their clocks by the way you keep appointments," she said, raising her wrist watch for me to see.

"Sorry," I said. "I rushed like hell. How late am I?"

"Twelve minutes."

For a guy like me she could wait longer.

"I'll try to make up for it by buying you an extra-nice lunch," I said with a smile. "All right?"

She was easy to smile at in the outfit she was wearing.

"All right," she said with a smile of her own.

So I was the white-haired boy again. The white-haired boy with the ink-stained fingers from signing checks. Sometimes I wondered why I was such a sap about her, but then I'd see her again and I'd know. I'd know that I'm no sap.

"How'd the meeting of the cast go?" I asked when we were out on the sidewalk.

"Nothing doing," she said, scowling. "The notices stay up. Closing in five and a half weeks."

"What the hell do you care?" I said. "Don't take it to heart, Martha. Something'll turn up in the meantime."

"Yeah," she said. "Sam Goldwyn'll come running in person to take me out west and make me a star."

"Say," I said, "you think he's so hot?"

She grinned and shoved my elbow.

"No, but he makes pictures."

Used to be that the guy with the longest mustache and the deepest dimples got all the girls. Now, before a guy could do any scoring, he had to get himself a camera and an accent and make epics.

"First let's eat," I said. "Then we'll talk about the rest."

"All right," she said. "Where?"

"How about the Beaux Arts?"

She gave me a quick look.

"Getting back into the dress business rather promptly, aren't you, Harry?"

"I do everything fast."

III

THE Beaux Arts at noon is like Broadway with Lindbergh riding along in an open car after making a transatlantic hop. From the way the heads began to jerk around when we walked in and the whispers began to shoot across the room, you would think it was Lindbergh walking along with *The Spirit of St. Louis* tucked under his arm.

The headwaiter dropped an armful of buyers and salesmen and came scurrying over.

"A large table," I said.

"Yes, sir," he said, and bowed his way toward the middle of the restaurant.

"What are you expecting," she asked out of the corner of her mouth, "company?"

"Maybe," I replied, still walking like I had a cane in my pants and talking out of the starboard side of my face. "There'll be some people here worth being nice to. Besides—your conversation is really too good to be wasted on me alone."

"Wasted is certainly the right word," she said.

The headwaiter was standing over a table in the middle of the restaurant and beaming at us. As he pulled out her chair and helped her arrange herself, I watched the rest of the room watch her and I congratulated myself on the fact that she was a good investment, even if she did talk too much.

"How do I look?" she asked, lighting a cigarette. "You satisfied?"

"You'll do," I said. "Only pull your chest in a little, or you'll start tripping up some of the people as they go by."

As soon as we ordered, the rush started. Guys I hadn't seen or spoken to for months began coming over like they'd been spending half their incomes advertising for me in every paper in the country. I kept hopping up and down, patting people on the back, remembering stories about buyers, inviting them to sit down for a moment, introducing them to Martha, ordering drinks, laughing at their jokes and kidding back, explaining my absence from the manufacturing field, and in general getting a workout like a boxer before a fight.

I didn't get much eating done, but I was laying a rock-bottom foundation for a little structure that would keep me in enough food for some time to come.

When the barrage died away, Martha said, "If I have to shake any more hands, this right arm won't be worth much on a trade-in."

"Arms aren't your strong point, anyway," I said. Then, hastily, "Pull in your chin and stick out your chest, kid, here comes an old pal of mine."

"I've got my teeth gritted."

He came bouncing jauntily across the room. When he reached our table I stood up and said, "Hello, Teddy."

He stopped and stared, and his hard little face squeezed up tight until the long nose stuck out over his thin lips like a toothpick from a cocktail olive.

"Well, Jesus Christ," he said, "if it isn't the boy wonder."

The accuracy of his description was complimentary, but the temperature of his voice wasn't.

"The same," I admitted. "A little older, and maybe a little smarter, but the same."

"Maybe?" he said. "What do you mean, maybe? You must be slipping, Bogen. Any time you go around saying you got any doubts about the fact that you're getting smarter, you're slipping, boy."

Yeah, I was slipping. Up! I grinned at him and took his arm.

I said, "Martha, I want you to meet an old friend of mine. You probably remember him, Teddy Ast. You two ought to remember each other, I think. But anyway. Mr. Ast, Miss Mills."

"How do you do?" she said, and

Scribner's
SHORT NOVEL

*When Jerome Weidman's first novel—*I Can Get It for You Wholesale*—was published last year, readers and critics alike realized that a new man had joined the vanguard of important American writers. The success of this distinguished first novel inevitably focused much attention toward Mr. Weidman's second book.* SCRIBNER'S *is proud to publish "What's in It for Me?", a condensed version of the full-length novel which will be published this fall by Simon and Schuster. With the publication of "What's in It for Me?",* SCRIBNER'S *begins its new fiction program. Each month we will present an outstanding short novel. Our objective is to give writers the space and freedom needed for honest and realistic examination of life in contemporary America.*

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she turned her smile on full. It blinded him a little and knocked him off balance. But he recovered in time to mumble back, "How do you do?"

As we settled ourselves around the table she said, "You know, I seem to remember you from somewhere, Mr. Ast, but I'm not quite sure where it—"

He grinned proudly. He'd warmed up twenty degrees since he'd seen Martha.

"Sure," he said, "you remember me from when Harry and I were partners. Apex Modes. That was the two of us, Miss Mills."

He made it sound *eppus* very chummy, considering that he hated my guts for the rooking I gave him at Apex and I hated his on general principles. But what the hell, he had business I could use and I had Martha Mills. That made us buddies once more.

"Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Ast," Martha said. "How could I forget!"

"Oh, well," Teddy laughed, "you know how it is, Miss Mills. I guess if you meet Clark Gable, you meet Robert Taylor, you meet Ronald Colman, or someone like that, you remember him. But a guy like me, hell, why should you remember me?"

His logic was invincible. I couldn't think of an answer to that, either.

"Don't start getting so modest, Teddy," I broke in. I turned to Martha. "To look at him, you'd think he was one of these here blushing violets or something. You wouldn't think he's one of the biggest dress manufacturers on Seventh Avenue."

Both of them seemed to be pleased; he by my announcement, she by the news.

"How nice!" Martha said.

And she could say it the right way, too, when she put her mind to it. This seemed to be one of the times she was putting her mind to it.

"I saw you in that show *Smile Out Loud*, Miss Mills," Teddy said. "I'm going to see it again, too. I thought you were terrific."

I glanced at him sharply. I didn't like the tone of his voice or the way he was looking at her. I made a mental note to remind her not to take this charming-hostess business too seriously.

IV

"Morning, Miss Vinegrad. Any messages for me?"

I tossed my hat across the room toward the desk which I rented for twenty a month with Miss Vinegrad's services thrown in.

"Good morning, Mr. Bogen. Just one. A Mr. Selmanowitz of the *Daily News Record* called. He said you should call a Mr.—wait a minute—a Mr. K-a-z-d-a-b-i-a-n—"

"What is it, in code or something?" Miss Vinegrad tittered.

"No," she said, "Mr. Selmanowitz said this man was very interested in talking to you about an ad of yours. Mr. Selmanowitz said you'd understand."

"All right. Have you got the number?"

"Yes, sir. I looked it up in the book. It's Hrant Kazdabian, Incorporated, 550 Seventh Avenue. Lackawanna 4-3229."

"Get it for me, will you?"

"Surely, Mr. Bogen. And, oh, Mr. Bogen, Mr. Selmanowitz said to tell you he didn't get those tickets yet."

"That's too bad," I said. She dialed the number, and I picked up the phone. "Hello? Hrant Kazdabian, Incorporated?"

"Yes, sir," a girl's voice said.

"Is Mr. Kazdabian in?"

"Who wants him, please?"

"Well, he doesn't know my name, but he called me this morning with reference to an ad I had in the *Daily News Record*. He'll know."

"Just a moment, please." There was a long pause and then she got back on the wire. "Here's Mr. Kazdabian, sir."

"Hello," I said. "Mr. Kazdabian?"

"Yes," a funny voice said. "Who is this?"

The voice sounded high-pitched and uncontrolled, like a drop of mercury on a smooth plate.

"This is the gentleman whose ad you called the *Daily News Record* about, Mr. Kazdabian."

If I could pay for a full-page ad, I was entitled to call myself a gentleman.

"I know that already because my girl told me," he said. "What is your name?"

The weakness of the voice had nothing to do with the mind above it, apparently.

"I'd rather not give that over the phone," I said. "We're on an open wire. I think it would be best if we got together for a talk."

"Where would you suggest this should take place?" he asked.

"How about me coming over to your place?"

"That will be very good," he said. "When would you prefer this to be?"

"I can make it any time, Mr. Kazdabian. How about now?"

"Now?"

"Sure. I can be over in ten minutes. I'm just five blocks away."

"That will be very good."

For which one of us?

"Fine, Mr. Kazdabian. Then I'll see you in ten minutes."

"All right, sir."

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by."

I got up and straightened my tie thoughtfully. Then I put on my hat and coat and sauntered up Seventh Avenue, from Thirty-fourth Street to Thirty-ninth, marshaling my thoughts and my arguments. I'd handled some strange cattle in my day, but this Armenian with the wavery voice and the pip-pip manners sounded like some new kind of fish. I wasn't worried, but I had my eyes open and I was watching where I put my feet down.

From the outside, the setup looked all right. He had half of the ninth floor in 550, which was the home of the higher-priced range almost exclusively. There was a modernistic front with indirect lighting and a string of stand-up letters over a swanky showcase that spelled out Hrant Kazdabian, Inc., in neon lights. Class. I liked that.

I pushed through the swinging doors into the showroom and heard a buzzer sounding somewhere in the back. It was as quiet and deserted as a morgue, but it looked like a swell place to die in. Nothing but smooth white all around, with a built-in low ceiling, hidden lights, and a half-dozen expensive-looking modernistic pieces in deep purple on a snow-white carpet. This was the sort of place I belonged in, all right. It made Teddy Ast's joint look like a Delancey Street grocery store the day before Passover.

At the far end was a set of purple curtains. As I stood there, twirling my hat, the curtains parted and a girl came in. She was one of these six-foot dames with the pipestem figure, the concave appearance, and the look of wan weariness that comes from working in a dress house as a model and trying to look like a Park Avenue tomato on furlough.

She stopped quite a way off, like a duelist measuring his distance, cocked her head slightly, and gave me that bored, inquiring look.

"Yehss?" she said finally.

"Mr. Kazdabian," I said bluntly. "Where is he?"

"Who wishes to see him, please?"

"Just say the man with the *News Record* ad."

She made her exit with a swish, and a few moments later the curtains parted to admit a curious sight. It was a man because it was wearing pants, but everything else looked neuter. He must have been about sixty because the skin around his throat resembled crumpled tissue

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paper. He was nattily dressed in an artistic and vaguely foreign way, with a huge white flower in his buttonhole, spats, and a funny cut to the lapels and drape of his jacket. After the first glance, you didn't want to keep looking at his head, but you couldn't avoid it because it was so big.

"Yes, sir?" he said, coming forward. "Are you the gentleman who spoke to me on—"

"Mr. Kazdabian?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Bogen," I said. "Harry Bogen."

I smiled and extended my hand, but he did not take it. Then I saw that he was playing with something. He was holding five large yellow beads, like walnuts, strung loosely on a short piece of string, and he kept pulling them through his fingers over and over again. I had to spend five hundred and fifty bucks on an ad to meet a guy like *this!*

"Shall we go into my private office?" he said.

"All right with me."

I followed him through the curtains into a little hole in the wall that looked like a small corner of my living room after Martha got through throwing a fit and flinging things around in it.

"You will pardon the appearance of my office," he said. "I am my own designer."

I was willing to pardon him for anything if he'd only stop playing with those damned beads.

"I'm used to the part of a dress house that exists behind the showroom," I said, and added a smile. Very charming.

He waved me to a chair. I sat down and pulled out my cigarettes, but he stopped me with his hand.

"Please," he said. "I can't stand smoke."

"Of course," I said. "My error."

He took the other chair and looked at the beads in his hands.

"Mr. Bogen," he said, addressing the beads, "my problem is simply this. I have a good business here. I make a profit on every dress I sell. But I am under-capitalized. Therefore, I find it necessary to borrow money continually from the bank to meet my maturing bills. I should like to eliminate this condition by taking in a partner with sufficient capital to make it possible for me to meet my maturing obligations regularly without having to borrow money from the bank."

It wasn't a bad reason, but it didn't sound like enough to me.

"Very well," I said. "Now assuming that I am that partner, Mr. Kazdabian, how much are you asking for a half-interest in your business?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," he said promptly.

Twenty thousand dollars I'd give him. He should hang so long by his thumbs till he'd get twenty thousand bucks out of me.

"That sounds interesting," I said in my best unruffled manner. "Suppose we leave the details for another meeting?"

"Very well, Mr. Bogen. When would you suggest?"

He was getting a full twenty thousand dollars' worth of anxiety into his voice, all right.

"Oh, say in a couple of days or so. That suit you?"

"That will be fine, sir."

I'd know soon enough whether it would be or not.

"Then suppose you let me give you a ring?"

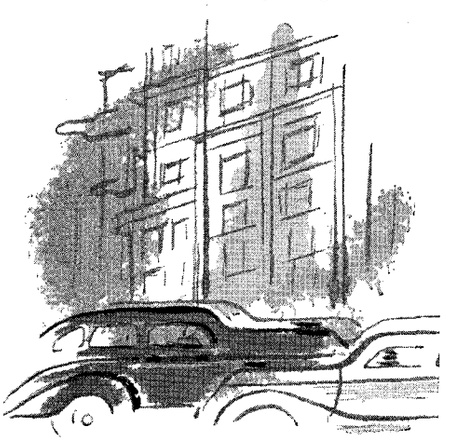
"Very well, sir."

I stood up and extended my hand. He stood up and took it. Phooey. Next time he could keep playing with his beads.

V

I SPENT the morning checking the angles on the Kazdabian deal. By me there are always angles. When I was sure I could handle things my way, I headed for 550 Seventh Avenue.

Kazdabian's showroom was still beautiful and it was still empty. The swinging of the front door had set the buzzer going in the back. A moment later the curtains at the other end of the room parted, and Greta Garbo was coming toward me with her inquiring look and



her nose tilted like an anti-aircraft gun in the newsreels.

"Yehss?"

"Tell Mr. Kazdabian I'm here."

Her eyebrows climbed slightly.

"Whom shall I say is—?"

"Don't say whom. Just say Bogen."

She turned on her heel like a West Pointer on parade and sailed through the curtains. A few moments later Kazdabian came sailing out, carrying his accent and his beads.

"Good morning, Mr. Bogen," he quavered. "I called your office several times and left word for you to—"

What did he want, a refund on his nickels?

"Hello, Mr. Kazdabian. Sorry about those calls, but I was out of the office winding up some final deals."

If that wasn't a look of relief he was hiding under his otherwise dead pan, it was a good imitation of one.

"I trust they were successful."

"Very."

"Then I take it, Mr. Bogen, that you are in a position to continue the discussion we started several days ago?"

"Right."

"Shall we go into my private office?"

"Okay with me."

I preceded him into the little hole in the wall and parked myself on the better of the two chairs. He sat down and went to work seriously on the beads.

"Well, Mr. Bogen," he said finally, "have you thought over very carefully my offer of several days ago?"

"I think everything over carefully, Mr. Kazdabian."

"And your decision?"

"I'm interested."

"Then, Mr. Bogen, the thing that remains to be settled would seem to me to be the amount that you are to—"

"Just a moment, please. Before we go into that, I'd like to discuss another point." I pulled out a report I'd drawn from Dun-Bradstreet's. "I want to tell you, Mr. Kazdabian, that—"

He looked across the table at the papers in my hand.

"What have you there?" he asked.

One of the angles.

"Oh, nothing," I said casually. "I just dropped off at Dun-Bradstreet's before coming up here, Mr. Kazdabian, and I drew a report on you to—"

The chair he was sitting on scraped as he pushed himself away from the table with an angry gesture.

"Where do you—" he began.

I looked at him in surprise. What did he think I was, a schoolboy?

"What do you mean, Mr. Kazdabian? It seems to me to be a perfectly normal thing for a man to do when he's thinking of going into—"

He pulled his chair back into place and calmed down.

"Of course," he said.

There was more acid than grace in that "of course."

"Well, then," I continued, rattling the mimeographed report, "I'm looking at

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the balance sheet. It shows that as of December thirty-first of last year, your net worth was $11,487.22. The way your sales have been going for the past few months, it's probably a lot less than that by now, but it's enough of a definite figure for us to talk on. What have you to say about that eleven-thousand-dollar figure, Mr. Kazdabian?"

"It doesn't seem to me to be of much importance to our discussion," he said calmly.

Neither was a bottom to a boat.

"Then it's my job to convince you of its importance." I gave the report a good noisy shaking. If he could rattle beads, I could rattle papers. "Your business, Mr. Kazdabian, would seem to need two things. It would seem to need a salesman to bring you the volume you need. And it would seem to need more capital to help you meet your maturing obligations without borrowing money from the bank. Am I right, Mr. Kazdabian?"

He nodded.

"You have stated the case fairly well, Mr. Bogen."

Fairly well, hell. Perfectly.

"All right, then. Now, I am in a position to provide those two elements for your business, Mr. Kazdabian. As a salesman, well, I won't say I'm the best in the world. But I'm the best you ever saw or ever will see around here on Seventh Avenue."

He smiled in spite of himself.

"All right. You are the best salesman on Seventh Avenue. And?"

"And I'm willing to add that capital to your business that you need so badly. But first you've got to answer one question for me, Mr. Kazdabian."

"And what's that?"

"Why," I said calmly, "why should I pay you twenty thousand dollars for a half-interest in a business that, at best, is worth only eleven thousand?"

"Simple," he said. "You pay me the twenty thousand dollars for a half-interest in my business. Ten thousand of that twenty thousand goes into what will then be our joint business. The remaining ten thousand dollars of your money goes into my pocket as a private profit."

And his cute little plan could go right down the sewer.

"A very interesting proposition," I said. "But not for me."

I got up and reached for my hat.

"Just a moment," he said quickly. "There is no need to become excited about—"

"Excited? I'm not excited, Mr. Kazdabian. I'm just disgusted. I've got at least six deals like this hanging fire. And not a one of them'll even so much as *think* to ask for an extra ten thousand dollars."

He shrugged and smiled suddenly.

"That's still no reason, Mr. Bogen, why I shouldn't make the attempt to get it," he said dryly.

I looked at him for a moment and then put my hat back on the table. This guy's appearance was against him, that's all. A *schmuck* he wasn't.

"Frankly," I said with a grin, "I always make the attempt myself."

We both started to laugh.

"It never hurts," he said.

I laughed a little harder. And then we went out and got the papers signed.

VI

THAT was the last laughing I did for a month. I had counted on getting back into the dress business. I hadn't counted on getting up to my neck in trouble. All the generosity in Kazdabian's make-up was poured out on those damned beads of his. The deal had tied up most of my ready cash and when I tried to make up for it by a little fancy work on my drawing account, I found that Armenian heel watching it more closely than a t.b. patient watches his thermometer readings. The immediate result was a series of steady and ear-splitting squawks from Martha. The diamond bracelets weren't pouring in fast enough to suit her. Either one of those two geeps was a full-time job. Both together, they were a thundering headache.

Keeping an eye on Martha had me too busy to do any real selling for Kazdabian. And trying to do some selling kept me too busy to watch little Martha. After a while it began to get painfully obvious that I wasn't the most popular guy with either. Kazdabian started bellyaching about sales. Martha stopped bellyaching about bracelets. That might have meant she was becoming resigned to it all. But it also might have meant that some punk with cash was trying to chisel in. The odds were on the latter. I knew Martha. She didn't resign herself to anything. A married guy could shoot his wife or divorce her. But with what I had on my hands, what could I do?

After a month of it, I decided the best thing for Martha and me was a little change of scenery. All I had to do was to convince Kazdabian of my logic. It was worth trying. My logic is like the British Empire. The sun never sets on either.

I marched into his cubbyhole wearing a big slice of my best smile. "Good morning, Mr. Kazdabian," I said.

"Good morning, Mr. Bogen."

I could tell by the creases around his mouth and by the way he was manipulating the beads that he was getting ready to make a squawk. I beat him to the punch. It's the old boxer in me.

"I've got something to tell you," I said.

"What is it that you have to tell me, Mr. Bogen?"

"Here's the idea, Mr. Kazdabian. I think it would be a swell idea if I took a quick trip to Europe. Say for two or three weeks or a month. To pick up some new style ideas. In that way we'd have the jump on the rest of the—"

His eyes narrowed slightly. And the beads began to rattle like hell.

"Why should you want to pick up new style ideas, Mr. Bogen? We haven't even disposed of the styles we have on the racks now."

"That's exactly why we need new ones. With all due respect to you as a designer, Mr. Kazdabian, I think the ones we have now are a little—well, they're not exactly what I'd call real hot. You know what I mean? But if I hopped over to Europe for a short trip, I'd get a good chance to pick up some nifties and we'd be able to knock the buyers' eyes out."

And I'd be able to get that tomato of mine away from the temptation of eating lunches with some other guy.

"Perhaps, Mr. Bogen. But the point is that we don't need more styles, Mr. Bogen. We need more sales."

I pushed my jaw forward.

"Are you implying that I'm not a good salesman, Mr. Kazdabian?"

He put his hand into his breast pocket and pulled out a batch of papers.

"I am implying nothing. I simply want to show you the facts." He handed the papers across to me. "Mr. Sattenstein was in this morning. His figures are interesting. They show that for the thirty-day period that we have been in business together, Mr. Bogen, our sales have not exceeded those of any similar period during the past two years."

I tried to decide which was more irritating, his beads or his grammar.

"Well," I cried, "that's not my fault. I can sell. I can teach them all when it comes to selling. I sold for Apex. But I sold my way. You won't let me sell my way. You sit on the checkbook and you hand out nickels. The way I sell, I don't deal with people interested in nickels."

"Why don't you go out on the road?" he demanded calmly.

"The road?"

"Of course. We've got stock on the racks. We've got plenty of merchandise. Why don't you go out on the road?"

That's all (*continued on page* 38)

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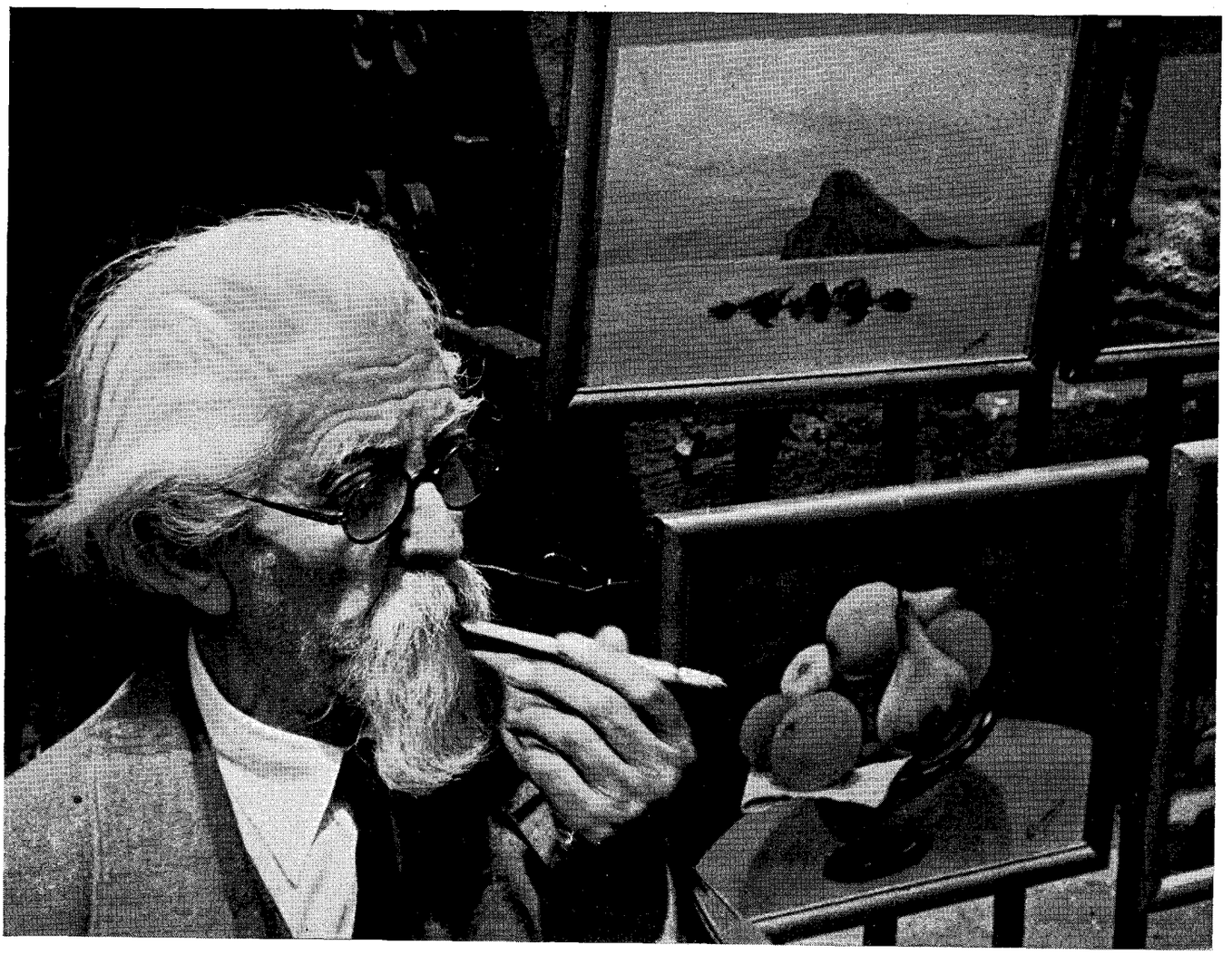
LIFE IN THE U.S... *Photographic*

In this section we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. Our object is to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following prints see page 57.



ARTIST, by W. Eugene Smith

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DRIFTWOOD, by Werner Stoy

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RAIN AND COLDER, by Richard Wurts

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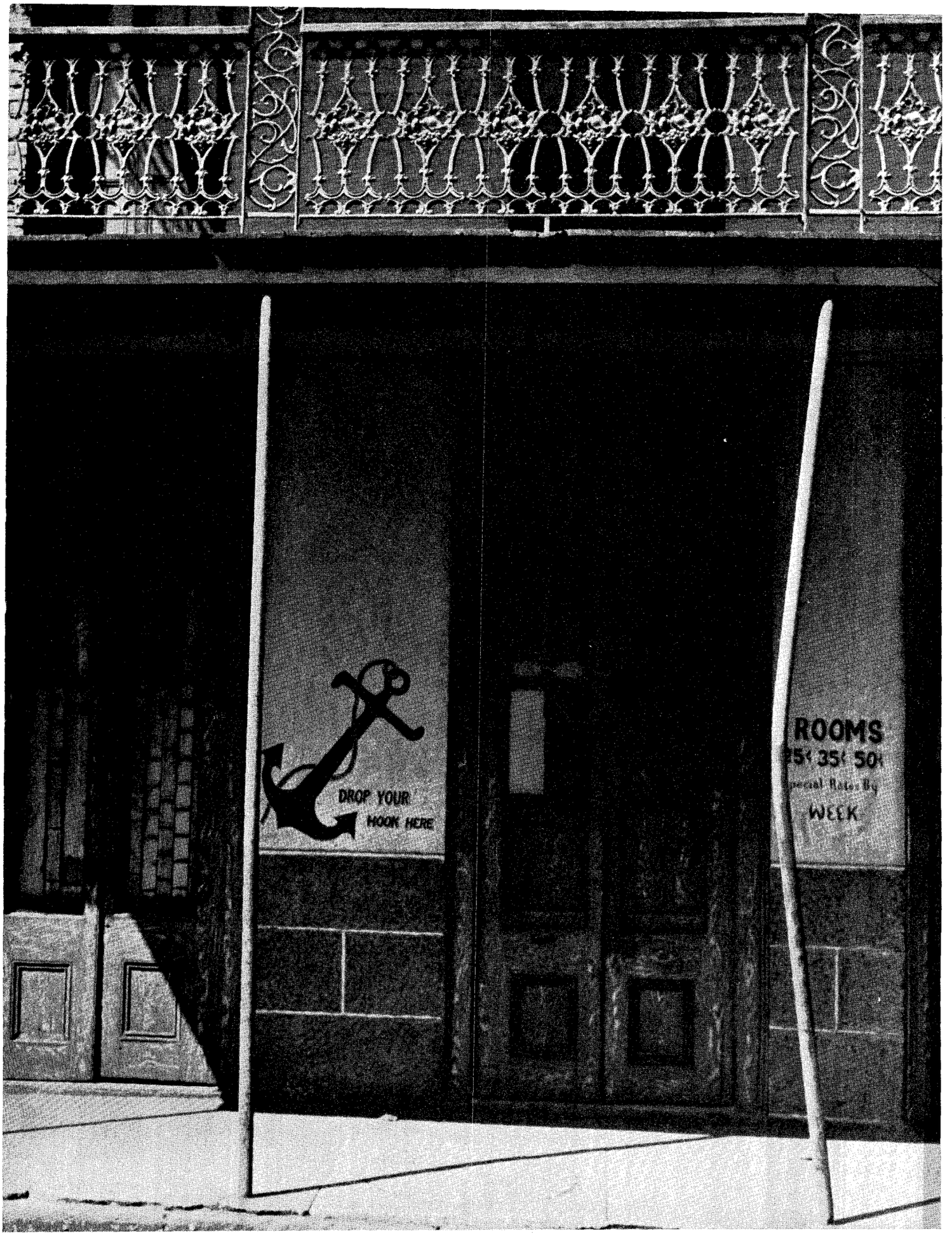

WELCOME, by Vincent La Badessa

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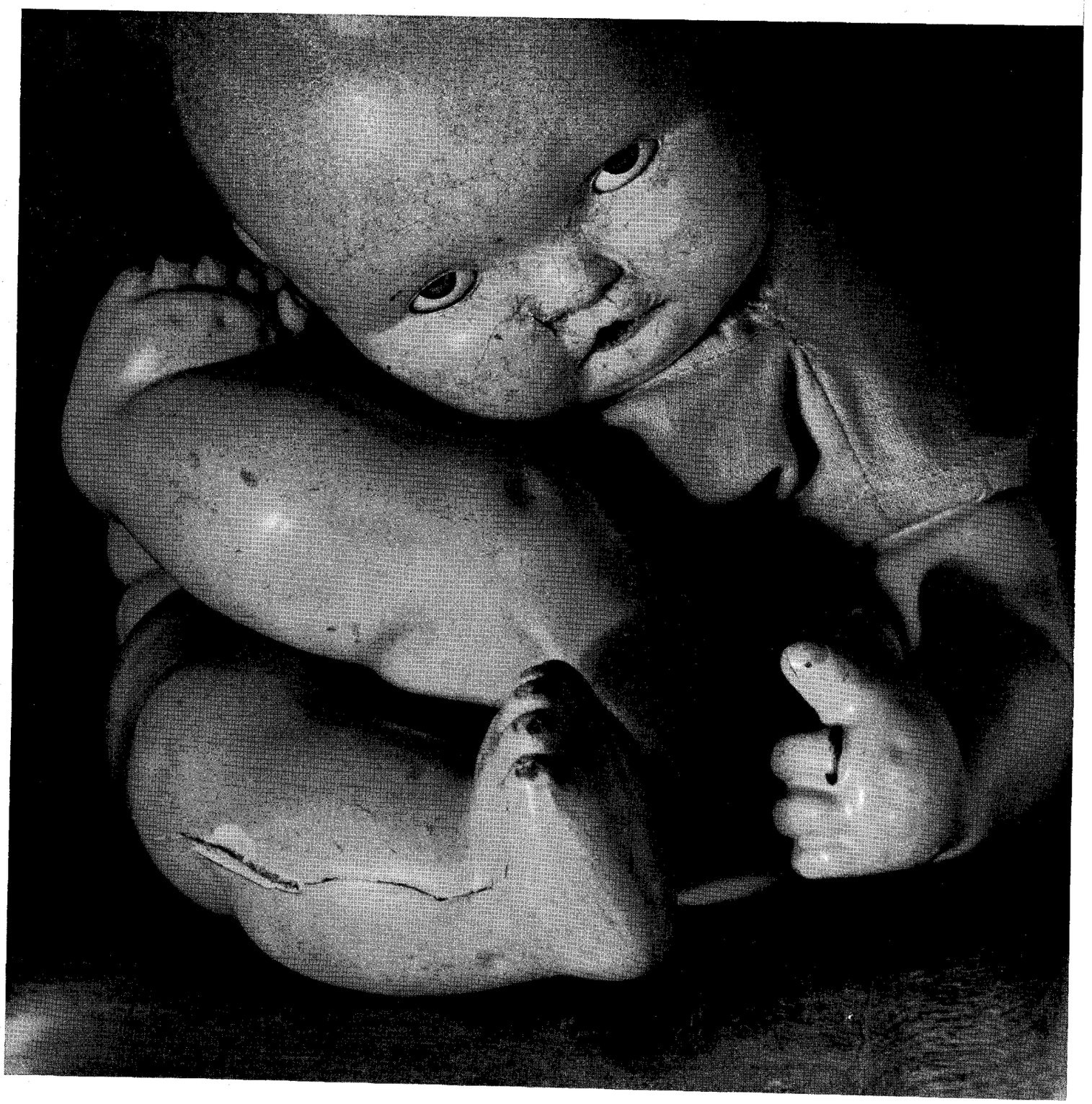

BUDDHA DOLL, by Ruth Bernhard

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don herold examines:

world's fair

If I were planning a world's fair, I would start with feet. All that beauty and showmanship and expense, and the big thing that most people get out of a world's fair is tired feet.

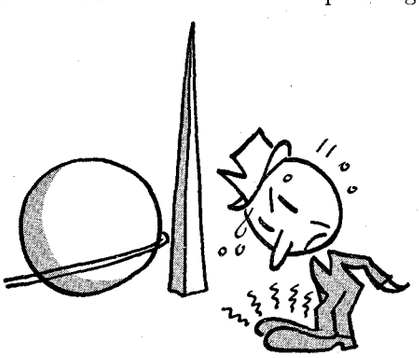
Couldn't somebody devise a sitting-down world's fair? Or a world's fair that would go by on conveyers?

A man at a world's fair is no happier than his arches.

I visited the New York World's Fair the other day, and as far as I can see this fair is going to be just as hard on feet as any of its predecessors. (My father's feet still hurt from the Chicago World's Fair of 1890, and he's been dead ten years.) This world's fair is three and a half times as big in area as the recent Sally Rand world's fair in Chicago, and people are still holding their feet from that one.

I've thought of roller skates with rollers of some silent material, on which people could skate the fair off, but this might not take care of old ladies and others who don't skate.

There ought to be refrigerated streets at all world's fairs, with ammonia pipes in the sidewalks to cool our plodding



dogs, and there should be little booths in which to remove shoes, and let our feet gasp. Or sumpin'.

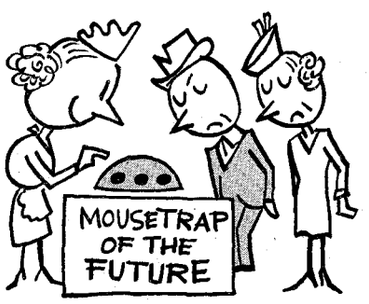
This fair is supposed to be as modern as tomorrow's newspaper, but I don't see that they've done anything modern about feet, and a man with tired feet doesn't care a tinker's dam about trylons, perispheres, or streamlined hatracks.

At most world's fairs I get another impression: you see all those gorgeous buildings, and you go inside and what have you? Something in a bottle. Or a girl putting toothpaste in wrappers. Or a lantern slide of a cancer.

In other words, there's nothing much in the buildings.

The New York World's Fair now looks pretty goods-boxy. Only a few of the buildings have windows. The others look like back ends of big cockeyed grain elevators. They're crazy in shape, apparently just to be perverse.

Modern artists and architects talk a lot about functionalism and then often



design things with far less function than an old-fashioned Corinthian column. They'll have cockeyed thingumajigs on a building that mean nothing whatever, but simply express the designer's bloodshot individualism. One hundred of these artists will all be so individualistic that they will all come out with exactly the same product. I should think that once in a while functionalism would produce a building that looks like a building. The best building at the world's fair so far is the administration building; somebody was old-fashioned enough to put windows in it (to let light in, of all things!).

The loveliest thing about the New York World's Fair to date is the planting. Trees, flowers, and grass are even now delicious. Thank goodness, tomorrowism hasn't yet come into landscape gardening. They aren't yet planting dead trees, to avert falling leaves.

grandfather

My Grandfather Herold's last words were: "You don't need to whisper; I'm not dead yet." Whereupon he croaked. He was a sassy old rascal to the very last. I revere him.

He hadn't been in the house for ten or twelve years. He was a country doctor in a little Indiana town and he had a little two-room wooden office building back of the family residence, and he moved out there to live one day and never came back into the house until they brought him in to die. He was then too sick to resist.

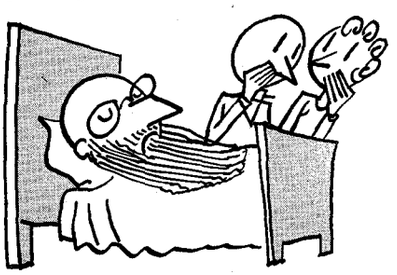
The rest of the family were nice, dull, kindly, conventional folks, and they bored Grandfather. They were the kind who *would* whisper when a man was dying . . . an unintelligent, thoughtless kind of thoughtfulness.

Grandfather was more interested in his library than he was in his practice of medicine. (He rode horseback to see his patients.) He had taught himself German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese and could read in any of these languages. He was a lonely, small-town, one-man scholar. He dwelt in the whole world and in the ages, and small-time family chatter bored him, so he kept to himself and conversed only with his few cronies who had read something besides the local paper.

Grandfather wrote five novels but would not send them to publishers, because he did not trust publishers.

As far as I know, he had nothing but coffee to eat or drink, the last ten years of his life. He kept a tin bucket on top of the stove in his back room, never emptied it, just put in more coffee or water. His coffee was black as ink.

Once in a while he would get roaring drunk, and the family would send for my father, ten miles away, to come and help straighten him out.



Grandfather recognized in me, as a boy, a kindred rebel and a fellow lover of books, and he would talk to me by the hour, and roar with raucous laughter.

I remember he once spent an hour telling me minute details of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. "You must have read this within the past week," I said.

"No, it has been about twenty-five years since I last read it," he said.

I wonder if his novels were any good. I imagine not. But he had the spirit to try.

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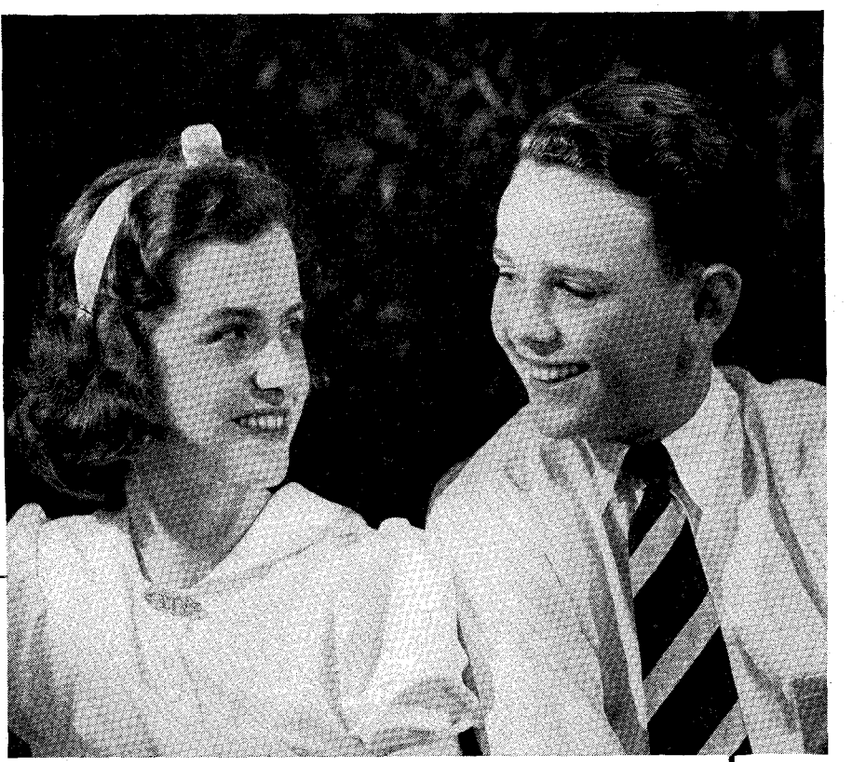

"To see a boy or girl of fifteen with Perfect Teeth—is not as unusual nowadays as it was forty years ago when I began my practice," said an experienced dentist. "In my opinion the improvement is due largely to better diet."

Like all other living parts of the body, your teeth are nourished by the food you eat.

Nature carries on for you a tooth maintenance program which requires constantly renewed supplies of the minerals calcium and phosphorus. Vitamins A, C and D are also necessary to the health of the teeth. Fortunately, all the essentials are in the ordinary diet. A balanced diet of vegetables, fruits, eggs, milk, cheese, lean meat, fish and cereals (partly whole grain) will furnish most of the supplies which Nature uses. An excess of sweet foods should be avoided.

Teeth benefit also from regular exercise. Every time you chew a hard crust of bread, crisp toast or crackers, or other crunchy foods, you are helping to keep your teeth sound and your gums firm. Raw vegetables such as carrots, celery and cabbage also furnish the hard resistance so important to tooth health.

Some foods, including meat, naturally require thorough chewing and so provide exercise for the teeth. But, as many foods are too soft, you must plan your diet to give your teeth sufficient exercise every day.

While food and exercise are necessary to preserve your teeth, they represent the *inside* care. *Outside* care is also essential—visits to your dentist every six months and, of course, the correct daily use of the toothbrush for the care of teeth and gums. Dental floss assists in reducing tooth decay by removing particles of food from crevices not accessible to the toothbrush.

The Metropolitan booklet "Good Teeth at all Ages" gives much useful information and practical suggestions on how to care for your teeth, as well as a list of tooth-building foods. It will be sent free on request. Address Booklet Department 938-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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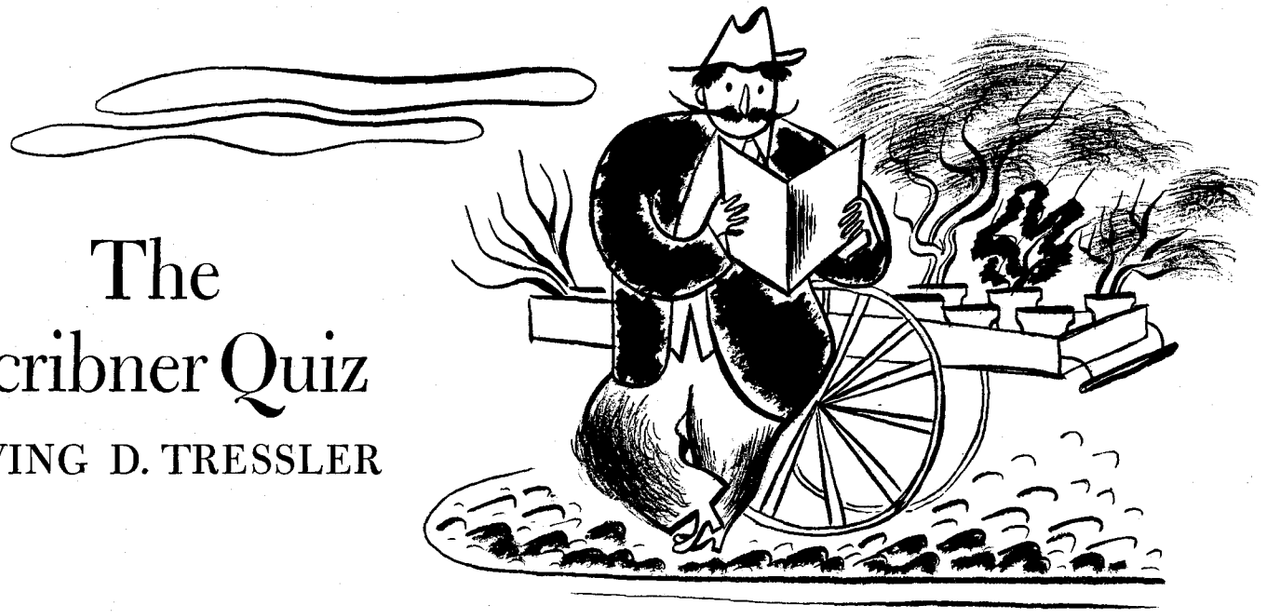
The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER



DRAWINGS BY DIMON

THE September Quiz is dedicated to the millions who will not be going back to the classrooms this month. If they entertain a faint nostalgia for bygone scholastics, it will help them to dissipate it; if they are inclined to scoff at learning, it will make them reconsider. Mr. Tressler has staunchly refused to baby the ex-students, so those who get a score of 80 or more can take the old diploma out of the trunk and read it over with a straight face.

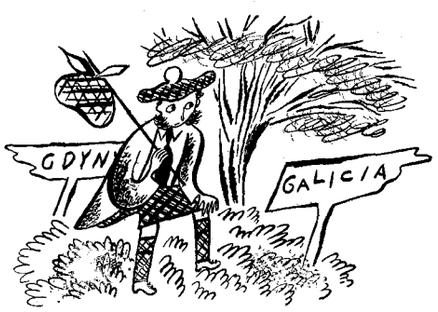
For new readers, we add these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. (Subtract from 100 for your score.) *Answers on page* 61

1. There are only three buildings in the U. S. where the American flag flies officially night and day, and they are:

(1) the White House
(2) the National Capitol
(3) the House office building
(4) the Senate office building

2. Most Scotchmen would recognize one of these as the ancient name of their native land:

(1) Hibernia (2) Galicia (3) Caledonia
(4) Antilles (5) Gdynia (6) Cornucopia



3. If you were a boll weevil, you would be particularly unwelcome among:

(1) potato growers (2) cotton planters
(3) cabbage raisers (4) wheat farmers
(5) banana planters (6) Jap silk raisers

4. You've seen Camel cigarette ads for years, but perhaps aren't certain which of these statements about the face of the package is true:

(1) a man is leading the camel
(2) the camel has two humps
(3) two pyramids stand in the background
(4) an Old Gold sign rises from the desert

5. And speaking of camels, did you know this creature's hump is used primarily for:

(1) carrying water (2) storing fat
(3) making strangers ask silly questions
(4) the extra-large kidneys of the beast

6. Next to the Bible, the book that has been the United States' best-seller is:

(1) Gone with the Wind
(2) Anthony Adverse
(3) The Boy Scout Handbook
(4) Main Street (5) The Boston Cook Book

7. Most fathers are flabbergasted when their young sons ask how Alaska is represented in Congress, but the answer is:

(1) by a biennially elected commission
(2) by a non-voting delegate
(3) by the U. S. Secretary of the Interior
(4) by an old but very respectable grizzly

8. On a polo team, in addition to the horses, there are usually . . . . players:

(1) six (2) three (3) four (4) ten (5) five

9. As a well-read person you should associate the name Sir Henri Deterding with:

(1) British munitions
(2) Cunard-White Star
(3) French shipping (4) English education
(5) Shell Oil Company

10. If ever you see Mulligatawny on the menu, be sure that it is genuine, for you may not like fake:

(1) turtle stew (2) East Indian curry soup
(3) Irish stew (4) Scotch punch

11. To the average man the chief difference between American and British automobiles is that British cars have:

(1) a brass spittoon on the running board
(2) the steering wheel on the right side
(3) no speedometer (4) no spare tire
(5) a whistle instead of a horn

12. Which one of these birds has the nice habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds for them to hatch:

(1) crow (2) catbird (3) bluejay
(4) cowbird (5) wren (6) politician

13. Whether you agreed with the decision or not, you should remember that a 1938 Pulitzer Prize was awarded to Thornton Wilder for his play:

(1) Tortilla Flat (2) Susan and God
(3) Our Town (4) I Married an Angel
(5) Pins and Needles (6) Tobacco Road

14. It is generally agreed that there are three principal classes of poetry:

(1) philosophic, interpretive, emotional
(2) epic, dramatic, lyric
(3) poor, bad, terrible
(4) love, patriotic, historical

15. One of these names is that of the President of Czechoslovakia:

(1) Schuschnigg (2) Mazaryk (3) Henlein
(4) Sudeten (5) Hodza (6) Benes

16. The big news about Babe Ruth last spring was that he had:

(1) opened up a Babe Ruth Nite Club
(2) joined the Brooklyn Dodgers as coach
(3) organized a baseball union for C. I. O.
(4) signed a movie contract with MGM

17. "Damn ovine greed!" growled the farmer as he:

(1) wearily pitched the horses some hay
(2) let the sheep out into the pasture
(3) fed the pigs their trough of slops
(4) discussed politics in U. S. spending

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18. A dog sticks out its tongue when it pants in order to:

(1) show that it's thirsty
(2) absorb moisture from the air
(3) increase the evaporating surface

19. There has been a good deal of marrying in President Roosevelt's family, but can you select the wrong statement here:

(1) James Roosevelt has no children
(2) All of the children are now married
(3) Elliott and Anna have been divorced

20. Angina pectoris is a very painful disease usually affecting the:

(1) lungs (2) liver (3) heart
(4) backbone (5) teeth (6) bladder

21. "No Metal Can Touch You" if you wear:

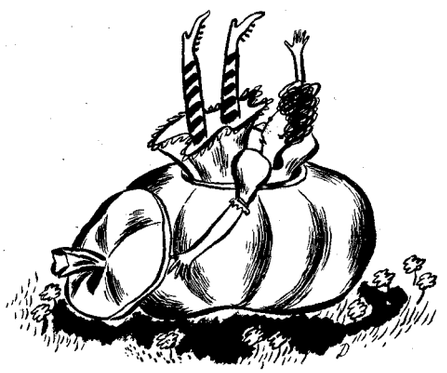
(1) Gossard Corsets (2) Paris Garters
(3) Oshkosh B'Gosh Overalls
(4) Hickok Belts (5) Dr. Boon's False Teeth

22. It has been said that 80% of women have something wrong with their metatarsus, a polite way of saying they:

(1) should wear a girdle or something
(2) are slightly screwy (3) have hair trouble
(4) suffer from foot trouble
(5) are unable to use common logic

23. The worst railroad accident in many years occurred late in June on the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific's crack limited:

(1) The Hiawatha (2) The Egyptian Zipper
(3) The West Coast Special (4) The Arrow
(5) The Olympian (6) The Mercury



24. Peter the pumpkin-eater had a wife and couldn't keep her, so he:

(1) murdered her and burned the body
(2) put her in a pumpkin shell
(3) shut her up in a cupboard
(4) put her in a house atop a crooked hill

25. Poke around here and see whether you can find the true statement:

(1) Only two state names begin with a W
(2) T. S. Eliot wrote "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"
(3) Navy won the 1938 Poughkeepsie race
(4) A laconic person is voluble

26. If you had to call Anthony H. G. Fokker to lunch, it is likely you would have to drag him away from his:

(1) typewriter (2) chemical laboratory
(3) sewing machine (4) flower garden
(5) airplane-design plans (6) rug-hooking

27. Next time you swallow a pin you'll probably have it extracted by a doctor using a:

(1) horoscope (2) bronchoscope
(3) laryngoscope (4) broaderscope

28. Then there was Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, who went about with a lantern searching for:

(1) a woman without a sharp tongue
(2) an all-inclusive religion
(3) an honest man (4) an intelligent person
(5) a non-binding pair of shorts

29. To reach the city of Pernambuco, you would go to:

(1) Brazil (2) India (3) Peru
(4) Argentina (5) Siam (6) Colombia

30. When a U. S. President is impeached, the ..... has the sole power of impeachment:

(1) Supreme Court (2) President's Cabinet
(3) U. S. House of Representatives
(4) U. S. Senate (5) voters of the U. S.

31. "John!" sobbed the bride, "I'm not really dumb! I do know that asbestos is obtained by:

(1) manufacturing (2) harvesting
(3) mining (4) weaving
(5) trapping

32. One of these names doesn't belong to a nationally known dance-band leader:

(1) Hal Kemp (2) Gene Krupa
(3) Vincent Lopez (4) Duke Ellington
(5) Rudy Vallee (6) Frank Capra

33. If you were a direct descendant of one of these animals, you would possess far less neck than any of the rest:

(1) alpaca (2) caribou (3) ocelot
(4) chamois (5) armadillo (6) springbok

34. The state visit of the King and Queen of England to France was postponed from June to July because of:

(1) political unrest in France
(2) the death of the Queen's mother
(3) a throat ailment of the King

35. Barbecues are successful when the chef knows the proper way to prepare the shoat, an old name for:

(1) a calf (2) a lamb (3) a young pig
(4) a small chicken (5) an elderly tomcat

36. Most of us have heard of Henry George, the great 19th-century American:

(1) track star (2) tennis player
(3) forger (4) advocate of the Single Tax

37. President Roosevelt's June fireside chat opened with a commentary on:

(1) the record of the 75th Congress
(2) the undistributed profits tax
(3) the heat (4) mud-slinging

38. A jitterbug is most at home:

(1) on a dance floor (2) in an apple
(3) in an insane asylum (4) on a dog

39. One of these products has a picture of Niagara Falls on its container:

(1) Morton's Salt (2) Kellogg's Corn Flakes
(3) Shredded Wheat (4) Cream of Wheat
(5) Campbell's Soup (6) Pluto Water

40. One doesn't have to follow the sports pages daily to know that the "iron man of baseball" title has long been pinned on:

(1) Ty Cobb (2) Lou Gehrig
(3) Lefty Gomez (4) Connie Mack

41. Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows was forced to close down early in the summer because of:

(1) labor difficulties (2) a train wreck
(3) poor attendance (4) elephant mumps
(5) a series of rainstorms

42. We haven't tested your spelling abilities for several months, so here are six words with one misspelled:

(1) apropos (2) crystalization (3) Philippine
(4) accommodate (5) syphilis (6) pleurisy

43. Though you may dislike salmon, you should know that at least 60% of the world's supply comes from:

(1) the Columbia River (2) Newfoundland
(3) the Japanese coast (4) Alaskan waters

44. If you wished to separate cream from milk you would:

(1) churn it (2) scald it (3) skim it
(4) boil it (5) condense it (6) shake it

45. A moraine is usually associated with:

(1) an earthquake (2) an iced drink
(3) a strike (4) a glacier (5) a river

46. Anyone desiring the U. S. Government position with the longest term of office should seek the position of:

(1) Att'y General (2) Comptroller General
(3) Postmaster General (4) Secretary of War

47. Alcoa is a name you must have seen for years; it stands for:

(1) Amalgamated Cocoa Mfrs. of America
(2) Allied Copper Producers of America
(3) Aluminum Company of America

48. Any deep-sea fisherman hauling a big catch over the side of the boat would find this implement handy:

(1) a hookah (2) a hackle (3) a gaff
(4) a tambourine (5) a coupling (6) a chock

49. We should know by now that Eire is:

(1) a city in the Polish Corridor
(2) the name of the Irish Free State
(3) the name of the new French Premier
(4) an important city in Loyalist Spain

50. Two of these European countries no longer exist as independent nations:

(1) Hungary (2) Latvia (3) Bulgaria
(4) Austria (5) Lithuania (6) Bosnia

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What's in It for Me?

(continued from page 28)

I'd need. I should go out on the road and give her a chance to cuddle up with some dope. On my couch yet, too.

"There's no sense in going out on the road. Selling tactics have changed in the last few years."

"They don't change for me, Mr. Bogen. I've been going out on the road with my own goods for twenty years. And I've managed to get along fairly well at it, too. Now that our new line is ready, I see no reason why I shouldn't go out with it again, the way I used to, before I got you for a partner, Mr. Bogen."

If he meant that seriously, he could count on my whole-hearted approval.

"There's no reason for getting sore about it."

He yanked on the beads angrily.

"Perhaps not. But I can't help it. I'll go out on the road, Mr. Bogen. I'm an old man and you're a young man." There was a nasty quality to his voice that suggested bullets in the dark and knives in the back. "You are the world's best salesman and I am the world's worst. My tactics may be old-fashioned, as you put it. But I'll go out on the road and I'll show you a thing or two about selling, Mr. Bogen."

I didn't laugh in his face because I've got self-control. Maybe I had woman trouble, but when it came to business they still played right into my hands.

"I'm willing to learn, Mr. Kazdabian," I said.

VII

I WALKED the half-dozen blocks to the theater and went in through the stage entrance. It was a quarter after eleven. I stopped at Dumpor's booth and waved my hand at him.

"Hello, Frank."

"Evening, Mr. Bogen."

"Curtain go up on time tonight?"

"Yes, it did, Mr. Bogen. It—"

"Uh-oh! Then I'm a little late, eh?"

"A little. Say, Mr. Bogen, I have a—"

I turned back.

"You want me, Frank?"

"I got something for you, Mr. Bogen."

"For me?"

He creaked forward from his chair to the window of the booth and handed me a note.

"Miss Mills left that for you when she went out a little while ago, Mr. Bogen."

I glanced at him sharply.

"She's gone? She's not in her—"

He nodded.

I opened the note and read it. "Harry," it said, "Sorry I had to go off like this but my husband's lawyer showed up unexpectedly and insisted on taking me some place where we could talk. Don't know what's up, but will tell you when I see you. M."

I crumpled the note and shoved it into my pocket. I started to walk out of the theater quickly. In all the time that I knew her she hadn't mentioned her husband once, and I had only heard about him vaguely. Now, just when everything was beginning to work out, he had to show up and— I stopped and came back to Dumpor's window.

"Frank," I said, "I want to ask you something."

He looked at me curiously and puffed on his pipe.

"Sure, Mr. Bogen."

"This note." I tapped it. "When Miss Mills gave it to you, she wasn't alone, was she?"

He hesitated for a moment.

"Well, Mr. Bogen, I wasn't exactly—"

"You saw her go out, didn't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I saw her go out, Mr. Bogen."

"She wasn't alone, was she?"

He took the pipe out of his mouth and inspected the ash.

"No, Mr. Bogen, she wasn't alone."

"Who was she with?"

"Well, just before the final curtain, Mr. Bogen, two men came in and asked for her."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Two men?"

"Yes, Mr. Bogen."

What was she doing, going into the wholesale business?

"What did they look like?"

"Well, one was a sort of a little guy—"

"A little guy, you say?"

"Yes, Mr. Bogen. About that high, with a—"

"Big nose?"

"Yeah, kind of."

"Tight little face? Sharp eyes?"

He nodded, squinting.

"That's right. That's right."

"He do any laughing around here? You get a look at his teeth?"

"Gosh, Mr. Bogen, I don't remember now. But—"

"They look sort of yellow and they slope in, like a mouse trap?"

He grinned quickly.

"That's right. That's right, Mr. Bogen. Fact is, that's just what I was thinking when I saw him. His teeth look like a mouse trap. Say, that's—"

"All right, Frank," I said grimly. "Thanks a lot. Here." I pulled out a couple of singles and slipped them across the ledge of the booth toward him. "Good night."

VIII

I TOOK a taxi to the Montevideo and stopped at the desk. I opened my checkbook and wrote a check payable to Martha Mills for five hundred dollars. I put it into an envelope and wrote her name on the outside. Charlie wasn't at the switchboard behind the desk, but the big colored boy was.

"How'd you like to make yourself a coupla bucks?" I said.

He smiled quickly.

"Certainly would, Mr. Bogen."

"Well, here." I gave him the envelope. "Put that in Miss Mills' box. She'll be coming home a little later with an escort, I think. When she comes in, you call her to the desk and tell her that Mr. Bogen had to leave town for three or four days, maybe a week, with the spring line, that he couldn't wait to say goodby because he had to make a train, but that he'd wire her from his first stop, and he left this envelope for her, which you then give her. Okay?"

"Okay, Mr. Bogen."

"Think you can remember that?"

"I think so."

I pulled out a five spot and slipped it to him.

"Here. That's for your memory and for keeping your trap shut later."

"I don't know nothing, Mr. Bogen," he said soberly.

"You stick to that policy, boy, and you'll be a big shot some day on Lenox Avenue."

"Yes, sir."

"And oh yes. There's one more thing you can do for me."

"Yes, sir?"

"As soon as Miss Mills and her escort step into the elevator to go up, as soon as the elevator doors close on them, you plug in on my phone and just give it three short little rings. Okay?"

"Just three short ones."

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"That's right. You won't forget that?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bogen. I'll remember the whole thing."

"Swell. And tomorrow night, if the whole thing works out and you don't forget anything, I'll slip you another five spot."

He grinned quickly.

"Thank you, sir."

"Okay," I said, turning away. "Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Bogen."

I went up to my apartment and undressed and got into my pajamas. Then I hunted around the living room until I found two small metal ashtrays. I pushed them into an old pair of kid gloves and pulled the gloves on carefully, so that the small ashtrays fitted exactly over my knuckles when I closed my hands into fists. Then I slipped into my silk robe, put out the lights, and lay down on the couch to wait. I didn't smoke because I didn't want to smell up the room, but I concentrated on the ticking of the clock on the desk to prevent myself from falling asleep. It was exactly a quarter to two when the telephone gave three short tinkles. I grinned to myself.

A minute later there was the sound of suppressed laughter in the hall. The key scratched in the lock. The door opened and closed, and the lights were snapped on.

"We-ell," Martha said with a laugh, "imagine Harry going off like—"

"Yeah," Teddy said. His laugh was a little more strained. She'd been practicing it much longer. "This is—"

I got up from the couch slowly and faced them, with my hands buried in the pockets of my robe.

"Hello, folks," I drawled.

Martha let out a little scream and waved her hand at me. She was holding the envelope I had left for her at the desk. Teddy gasped and swallowed quickly.

"Harry!" she cried. "What—"

Teddy tried to say something, but the words didn't come.

"I missed my train," I said calmly. "And I had to come back. I got in without the switchboard operator seeing me, I guess."

As I talked I walked forward slowly, still keeping my hands in my pockets. I circled them until I was between them and the door.

"But Harry, we—"

"In a way I'm sort of glad I missed that train. Because I've been meaning to have a few words with you, Teddy, for quite some time. Somehow I never got around to it, and now here you are."

"Harry," he said, "I want you to—"

"I don't care what you want," I said through my teeth. "It's what I want that counts. And I just want you to hear one thing. You're getting out of here now, Teddy, and you're getting out for good. If you ever show up within eight blocks of Martha again, I warn you you're going to be one of Campbell's less distinguished but sudden clients. You hear?"

The length of my speech gave him a chance to recover. He stuck out his jaw and sneered.

"Yeah?" he said. "Maybe Martha has something to say about that."

"Martha doesn't have anything to say about anything. Martha and I have an understanding. I got a power of attorney from her. I'm doing the talking for both."

"Yeah?"

"Don't keep saying *yeah,* Teddy. It gets monotonous."

"Well, you listen to me, Bogen. I'm—"

"This isn't a debate, Teddy. I made my speech and you heard it. If you don't understand it, maybe I'll have to impress it on you."

He opened his mouth to say something, but he never got any further than that. I pulled my hands out of the pockets of the robe and let him have a hard right to the jaw. All in one movement. Quick. I felt the ashtray snap in-

side my glove when I landed, but he went down.

"Harry!" Martha cried.

"Shut up."

I reached down and grabbed him by the front of his coat. He pawed at my hands and breathed through his twisted mouth in little sharp gasps. I smacked him twice with my open hands and hauled him to his feet. The gloves came away with blood on them and he went wild. He lunged at me and tried to bite, but I stood him off with a short left. It landed on his neck and he screamed with pain when the ashtray dug in. I followed with two straight ones in the belly that doubled him. I was going to finish it with another quick one to the jaw, when Martha grabbed my arm.

"You're killing him! Don't you know when you're—"

"Shut up!"

I pushed her away and reached down to pick him up. His face was cut and bleeding and his collar and tie were torn away. He stood up under his own power, but he didn't have any fight left. I turned up his coat collar to hide the mess and jammed his hat on his head.

"Listen, Bogen," he gasped, "you—"

My own breath was coming heavily, but I could still talk.

"Shut up, Teddy. When you win a fight, then you'll get a chance to talk." I held him firmly and steered him to the door.

"Listen, Bogen, you'll get yours some day."

"The nearest I should get to it, Teddy, is your wishing for it."

"You'll, you'll get it, don't worry. You—"

I shook him into silence.

"Shut up and get out, Teddy. And remember what I told you about staying away from Martha. This was just a sample you got. If you come hanging around and I catch you again, I'll fill the order for you."

I shoved him out into the hall and he went staggering toward the elevator.

I slammed the door and locked it. Then I went into the bathroom, took off the gloves and dropped them in the hamper. I examined my hands. The knuckles of the right hand were a little bruised from where the ashtray had cracked, but that was all. I washed my hands and combed my hair and walked out into the living room. She had taken off her hat and coat and was sitting on the couch, perfectly composed, smoking a cigarette calmly. I got a cigarette from the table, lit it, and took the chair facing her. We stared at each other for a few moments.

"I thought you and I made a deal," I said finally.

She shrugged.

"We did, but I can't help it if he shows up at the theater after the show and—"

"When two people make a deal they can help anything."

She bit her lip and looked at the burning end of the cigarette.

"I guess I got a little flustered, that's all. He showed up with this Hollywood agent and I didn't know what to do for a moment, so I wrote the—"

"Well, in the future, you're going to know what to do," I said grimly. "He's not showing up any more after tonight. Unless he signs a suicide pact with somebody and he can't find a gun."

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"You're getting awfully tough all of a sudden, aren't you?" she sneered.

"That seems to be the only way to handle certain people."

"Well, just don't get tough with me, Harry."

"Don't make it necessary, then."

"What are you doing, threatening me?"

I felt my lips stretch into two thin lines.

"If you'd only shut up and listen and try to be honest for once I'll tell—"

She smiled at me sweetly and said, "Tell."

"All right. You play it straight with me and we'll be leaving for Europe in three or four weeks—at most, four. We'll do Europe, then across to India, then Shanghai, then across the Pacific to Hollywood. I'll pull strings directly on the Coast and things'll be just about right for you to arrive there in three or four months. We leave New York in a month, we spend two or three months on the trip, and we land in Hollywood at just the right time for you."

Her eyes had been getting wider as I spoke.

"Why, Harry! Why didn't you tell me that you were—"

The quick satisfaction in her voice was what I was waiting to hear. I felt like getting up and smacking her full red mouth into silence. I wanted to—What the hell *did* I want?

"How could I tell you when you skip out on me and go bouncing around town with two heels?" She didn't answer. "My money is beginning to loosen up again. Just as I told you it would. In three or four weeks there'll be enough of it to take care of both of us for a long, long time. That five-hundred-dollar check you're holding isn't rubber. It's good. That's a starter for some clothes that you'll probably want to buy. Go out tomorrow and spend it. And when you go through that, just tell me and there'll be more waiting for you. And remember that we sail in about three weeks, at most four. How's that for a deal?"

She jumped up and came across to my chair.

"I think it's wonderful, Harry." She laughed quickly and sat down in my lap. "And Harry, I want to apologize and tell you how sorry I am for all the—well, the things like tonight. I didn't mean anything. And it—"

Suddenly I felt very tired.

"As long as it doesn't happen again, kid, let's forget it and not talk about it."

The thing that had been gnawing at me for so long was settled now. It wasn't Teddy Ast over me. It was Teddy Ast's promises and Teddy Ast's money over my promises and my money. Now that was all over and he was out. But I felt empty and unsatisfied.

IX

In the taxi going downtown I put the finishing touches to the plan. The time had come to act.

It was ten after one when I walked into the showroom. I dropped my hat and coat on a couch and went into the office. Miss Eckveldt should have been surprised to see me, but she didn't take her nose out of her books.

I walked out into the back and looked the stock over carefully. I made an accurate list of the big numbers and the quantities and tabulated the amount in dollars and cents roughly. It was enough.

I walked back into the office and hunted through the safe until I found the accounts-receivable ledger. I took it out into the showroom and skimmed the pages quickly, jotting down the names and addresses of as many good accounts as I could find west of Chicago, preferably on the Coast. Then I took the ledger back into the office, replaced it in the safe, and went out into the showroom again. It was the only place where you could have a little privacy. I settled down with a pad of order blanks and the two lists I had made up: the first, dresses on the racks in the back; the second, names and addresses of good accounts that were far away. Working quickly, without interruptions, the whole thing took me twenty minutes. By that time I had written up enough fake orders to total a little over five thousand dollars. I folded the lists of names and dress numbers carefully and put them in my pocket. The batch of fake orders I took into the back with me and went up to the shipping clerk.

"Here you are, Eric," I said briskly. "Here's a stack of new orders I want out right away."

"Yes, Mr. Bogen." He turned to take the orders. Then he felt the thickness of the batch and he glanced at me quickly. "Holy smoke, Mr. Bogen, this is good!"

"It's not bad. I spent the morning at the buying offices and I promised immediate shipment on these things. Step on it, Eric."

"You bet," he said cheerfully. "Hell, Mr. Bogen, I haven't had a batch of orders to ship like this for a long time."

Neither had I.

"All right, Eric. Ship them out as quick as you can and get them all signed properly by the express company. I want the express receipts watched carefully."

"Yes, sir."

"When you get them signed up by the express company, hold them for me. Don't put them through in the office. I want to look at these myself first. Have them ready for me first thing in the morning."

"Right, Mr. Bogen."

I hurried out into the showroom, grabbed my hat and coat. I went down to the bank and closed out my account.

X

I was in the office early the next morning. I went straight into the shipping room.

"Eric."

"Yes, Mr. Bogen?"

"Those express receipts for the—"

He handed me a batch of signed receipts. I examined them quickly and looked up at him again.

"This covers every one of the orders I gave you last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

I slipped the express receipts and the duplicate copies of the charges into my pocket. I hurried into the showroom, took my hat and coat, and went out. I walked down Seventh Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, then turned right to the Pennsylvania Building. On the seventh floor I stopped in front of a door marked *Leonard Nissem & Co., Financing.* It was a funny word for a hockshop, but nobody else laughed, so why should I? I went in and spoke to the girl in the outer office.

"Is Mr. Nissem in?"

"Who wants to see him?"

"He doesn't know me. But it's about business, though."

She disappeared into an inner office and came out again in a few moments.

"Mr. Nissem will see you. This way, please."

She held the gate in the wooden railing open for me and I stepped through. I passed her desk and pushed open the door of the private office. A heavy, fat-faced man with satchel cheeks, a tight collar, and a cigar in what could be described as a mouth, but looked more like a two-car garage, glanced up from behind a desk.

"Mr. Nissem?"

He lowered one eyebrow and sent the other one up as he nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Come in. Sit down."

I came in and put my hat on the desk and sat down in a chair beside it.

"My name is Bogen."

The eyebrows leveled off and the fat face registered surprise.

"Harry Bogen? Used to be Apex Modes?"

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I had heard about Lenny Nissem and his memory, but this was my first contact with it.

"Yeah," I said with a grin. "Used to be Apex Modes."

"Weh-hell!" he said, sticking out his hand. "Glad to know you."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Nissem."

We shook hands and he leaned back in his chair.

"Who you with now, Bogen?"

"Kazdabian. Hrant Kazdabian. Know him?"

He nodded quickly.

"Sure do. Nice chap. A little old for the dress business, I think. But a nice guy, anyway."

He wasn't too old for the dress business. He was too old for a partner like me, that's all.

"Yeah. Hell of a nice guy."

"What are you, selling for him, Bogen? Or are you—"

"No, I'm his partner."

"What's the matter?" he said with a laugh. "Get the old guy in trouble too?"

"No, we're not in trouble. And anyway, what the hell are you kicking about?" I smiled a little on that sentence. "Guys like me being in trouble is your business, isn't it?"

"Guess you're right," he admitted. "What can I do for you?"

He knew what he could do for me. He was doing it for half of Seventh Avenue.

"Well, we've got bills to meet and we're running short of cash. So I thought we'd hock a few accounts."

He became brisk at once.

"Let's see what you've got?"

I pulled out the shipping receipts and the duplicate charges and shoved them across the desk at him. He leaned over them, scanned them quickly, jotting figures on a pad as he worked. Finally, he looked up.

"Well?"

"A little over five thousand dollars' worth. Fifty-two hundred. Right?"

"That's right."

"What terms do you sell, Bogen?"

"It's marked on the charges. Eight ten E. O. M."

"Okay. I can let you have four thousand on these."

I looked at him in surprise.

"What's that? What's that? Fifty-two hundred in charges, and you say you'll let me have four thousand? What's this, twenty per cent interest for a little—"

He waved his hand and smiled goodnaturedly.

"Now, don't get so excited, Bogen. It's plain you never sold accounts receivable before, or you'd understand—"

He'd never sold them quite this way, either. But he didn't know that yet.

"That's true, Nissem. I never sold accounts before. But, my God, I don't need experience to tell me that twenty per cent interest is—"

"It's not twenty per cent interest, Bogen. What do you think I am, a crook or something?"

This was no time for brutal frankness.

"Nah, nah, nah. I'm not calling you a crook, Nissem. I'm just saying that twenty per cent is a—"

"And I'm trying to tell you it's not twenty per cent, Bogen," he said irritably. "The interest rate is a regular six per cent. We only advance you four thousand on fifty-two hundred in accounts because there are little things we have to take care of, like service charges and so on. And the rest of the twelve hundred bucks over and above what we advance you, the balance of that we keep as an equity. When the acounts are paid up, after we got our interest and our service charge and we got back the four thousand we advanced you, then we turn back to you the rest of the twelve hundred bucks. It's just an equity."

Equity hell. A holdup was a holdup.

"For accounts like these," I cried, "you need security?"

He shrugged and struck a match for his dead cigar.

"What can I do, Bogen? That's how I do business."

"All right, if that's the way you do it. But hell, I think it's a—"

"That's the way I do it, Bogen."

"Oh, well, okay, then."

He pressed a buzzer on his desk and the girl came in.

"Miss Blaufarb, make out a regular hypothecation contract on these charges. No changes, just the regular assignment."

"Yes, sir."

She went out and her typewriter tapped for a minute or so. Before I could even finish a few preparatory hems and haws, she was back. I looked at her in amazement until I saw the contract. It was a printed form and all she had done was fill in a few blanks. Nissem scanned them quickly, then placed them on the desk in front of me and handed me a pen.

"Here, Bogen, you sign here."

He was pointing to two blank lines under the typed words "Hrant Kazdabian, Inc." In front of each line was the word "by." I signed my name on the first line and added "Secretary-Treasurer" under it.

"All right," he said. "Now you take them back to your office, Bogen, and get Kazdabian to sign them. And I'll draw you a check for the four thousand."

"That's all right, Nissem. Kazdabian is out of town, but one signature is enough."

He looked doubtful and I lit a cigarette carefully.

"One signature? Well, I don't know, Bogen, we—"

"He's out of town on a selling trip. But I'll tell you what you can do, Nissem. You can call up our bank and speak to an officer there. That'll verify that one signature is enough, won't it? We have only one signature on checks, and it's—"

"Yeah, that'll do it."

I gave him the number and he called the bank. What they told him must have been satisfactory because when he hung up, he turned to me and said, "Well, I guess there's nothing left for me to do but give you a check."

"One more favor you could do for me, Nissem."

"What's that?"

"You could draw the check to cash and go down to your bank with me and get the money for me in cash."

He looked up, surprised.

"Why in cash?"

I put on a fifteen-second act of acute embarrassment.

"Well, frankly, we owe the bank a little note and they've been sort of pressing us for it. If they see this check going through our account, they might grab it to satisfy the note and I won't get a chance to pay my bills. Like this I can pay my bills in cash, and the bank'll give me an extension on the note. The way Mr. Kazdabian and I figure, we figure the bank can wait till the money for our spring sales comes in. But the creditors in the market, we don't want to make them wait because we don't want to hurt our credit standing."

He shrugged and wrote the check. Then we walked down to his bank. As he handed the money over to me, he said, "If you run into any more trouble, Bogen, and you need any cash, so long as you keep shipping accounts like that, why, just call on me."

He didn't know what he was doing when he started issuing blanket invitations like that to guys like me.

"Thanks," I said with a grin.

XI

THE PLANS called for a little waiting now, so for about a week I took it easy. Then one morning when I walked into the showroom Eric came hurrying toward me.

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"Mr. Bogen!"

"Yes?"

"You know that big stack of orders you gave me to ship out about ten days ago? You know, the big batch that—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know. What about them?"

"Well, gosh, Mr. Bogen, a funny thing happened. All those dresses we shipped out, they're all coming back, almost every one! I just got in four new packages of returns and—"

"Shut up!" I snapped. I caught him by the arm and pulled him toward the shipping room.

"But that's not all, Mr. Bogen," he said excitedly. "I wanted to tell you that—"

"Listen, Eric."

He went right on.

"The thing I wanted to tell you, Mr. Bogen, was I opened a couple of the returns. And what do you think, Mr. Bogen? In two of the bundles, in two of them, there was a note it said the dresses were never ordered! I can't figure out what—"

"Listen!" I barked. "Will you stop shooting off your trap?"

"What—"

"Let's see those returns. Just let's see those returns."

He led me to one side of the shipping room, where they were ranged in a row on the floor.

I bent down and pretended to examine them.

"They're crazy," I said angrily. "Every one of these guys is nuts. They ordered them, all right. I don't know what the hell got into them they're sending them back." I stood up and swept my arm across the whole batch. "Take them all out of the boxes, Eric. And repack them in fresh boxes. Repack them exactly as they are now. Just put them in new boxes."

He looked at me in surprise, but he said, "Yes, sir."

I turned on my heel and went into the office. I took the accounts-receivable ledger from the safe and carried it out into the showroom. In a few minutes I had made up a new list of names and addresses of good accounts. I returned the ledger to the office and went out into the back with my list.

"Here's a list of names and addresses, Eric. These are the people that the repacked dresses are going to."

"Have you got the orders for them, Mr. Bogen?"

"No orders necessary. Just write new labels and paste them on the packages. I'll work with you and show you which labels go on which packages."

It didn't really matter which labels went where, but I pretended that I knew exactly how they were to be distributed. As Eric wrapped the packages and wrote the labels and pasted them on the bundles, I worked the billing machine and wrote out the charges.

"Now call Railway Express and have them send a man right up," I said when we were finished.

"Right now?"

"Yeah, now. This stuff has to go out immediately."

He made the call and while we waited for the man to come up, I footed the charges. This time I made them total a little over $8000. When the Railway

Express man arrived, I watched him while he wrote the express receipts and signed them. After he left, I took them from Eric and went out into the office and got my hat.

I hurried over to the Pennsylvania Building on Thirty-fourth Street and spoke to the girl in the outer office.

"Mr. Nissem in, Miss Blaufarb?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Bogen."

She went into the private office and came out in a moment.

"You can go right in, Mr. Bogen."

I walked through the railing and into Nissem's office. He looked up with a grin and held out his hand.

"Hello, there, Bogen. How are you?"

"Pretty good," I said, shaking his hand. "And you?"

"Pretty good, too. What can I do for you?"

I showed him the $8000 worth of charges and the substantiating express receipts. We haggled back and forth and settled for a $7000 advance. Miss Blaufarb came in with the typed assignment contract; I signed it, and we went down to the bank for the cash.

"Still afraid your bank'll grab your balance?" He laughed as he handed me the money.

I left him while he was still chuckling, and took a cab to the Montevideo. Martha was in the living room, turning the pages of a fashion magazine.

"Hello, Harry." She glanced at her wrist watch. "You're not so very late. The girl at the office said you'd be—"

"I know. The last time that girl in my office got anything right, they gave the kids a half-day off from school."

"Well, let's—"

"Just give me a minute to change my shoes, will you, Martha? I'm breaking in a pair of new ones and I'm telling you, they're murder."

"All right," she said absently. She had her nose in the magazine again. "No rush, Harry."

I went into the bedroom and made a lot of noise getting out another pair of shoes. Through the crack in the door I peeked out into the living room. She had her head buried in the magazine. I pulled out the bottom dresser drawer and dug down under the shirts and pajamas for the small metal box. I unlocked it and took from my pocket the $7000 in cash I had just received from Lenny Nissem. Sixty-five hundred I put into the metal box with the rest of the haul. Five hundred I put into my pocket. I locked the box, buried it again under the shirts and pajamas, and came out into the living room.

"Okay, kid." I flashed the money under her nose. "What do you say we go out and get started buying another piece of the town today?"

She jumped up quickly, grinning.

"That's the one thing I like to do even more than sing."

XII

"We got a wire from Mr. Kazdabian this morning," Miss Eckveldt said as soon as I came into the office the next morning. "He says he'll be back in ten days."

I picked up the telegram and read it.

"And a Mr. Nissem called."

I walked out into the back. Eric was sitting on the shipping table, reading the paper. On the floor, surrounding him like a hastily thrown up barricade, was a pile of returned packages.

"Hey!"

He looked up quickly.

"Yes, Mr. Bogen?"

"That's what they teach you in City U? To read the paper on the boss's time and to let the work lay around?"

His face became sullen.

"You told me yourself not to open any returns, Mr. Bogen. I cleaned up all my other work and there's nothing but—"

"I didn't hear myself saying anything about you can't tear off labels and clean up the outside of the packages, did I?" I swung up one of the smaller bundles and propped it on the shipping table. "What the hell are you, one of these strict constructionists?" As I spoke I

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ripped off the old label from the package and *X*'d out the shipping numerals with the black crayon. "Do that to all these packages. The same as I just did. I'll be back in a little while with a new set of labels."

He looked at me in amazement.

"You don't want me to open them, Mr. Bogen? You just want me to tear off the old labels?"

My God, I'd been a shipping clerk myself once! Had I been that dumb?

"That's the idea, Brilliance. Let's see you look alive a little and get it done."

He went to work. I went back to the office for the accounts-receivable ledger. In a few minutes I had a set of brand-new labels all made out. I returned the ledger to the safe in the office and took the new labels to Eric in the back.

"These are the new labels for these packages. Paste them on, make out the shipping receipts, and have Railway Express up here right away. I want those signed receipts as soon as I can get them. I'll wait for them."

I made a quick circuit of the stretched-out returns, dropping a label on each package.

"Paste them on the way you arrange them? Right, Mr. Bogen?"

"Yeah, right. And also hurry."

I went through half a pack of cigarettes while he got the labels pasted on, wrote the charges, sent for the Railway Express man, and wound up with the batch of signed express receipts and duplicate charges that I wanted.

"Here you are, Mr. Bogen."

"All right. Any more returns come in, do the same thing to them."

"Yes, sir."

I went into the office for my hat and hurried out to Nissem's place on Thirty-fourth Street. Miss Blaufarb gave me a quick smile when I came in.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Bogen. I'll tell Mr. Nissem you're here."

Said the spider to the fly.

"Thanks."

What they didn't know was that I was the oddest kind of fly they'd ever had in their web.

"Come right in, Mr. Bogen."

She held the door wide and then closed it behind me. Nissem waved his hand and motioned to a chair.

"Come in, Bogen, come in. Have a seat."

"Thanks."

I sat down and pulled out my express receipts and duplicate charges.

"Another batch?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said with a grin. "It looks like once a guy just so much as shakes hands with you, Nissem, you right away put him on a leash. You're getting to be a regular habit with me."

Judging by his face, my humor wasn't exactly killing him this time.

"Yeah, well, Bogen, I'm glad you came in. I called your office this morning and—"

"I know," I said quickly. "I didn't stop in the office this morning. I called up from outside and when they told me you called, I figured since I was coming up here anyway, I figured it could wait till I got here."

He nodded and relit his cigar.

"Oh, yeah, Bogen, of course. That long it could wait."

I looked up at him from the charges and receipts in my hand.

"What's the matter, Nissem? Anything wrong?"

He shrugged and looked at the ceiling.

"I don't know, Bogen. I hope not. But I'll tell you. I was going over your charges, the ones you sold me. And the writing on one of them, it was a little blurred. I couldn't exactly make out the date, you know, so I wrote to Caxton-Bleiweiss in Detroit, I asked them what the date on your charge number so and so was. And I gave them the number and the amount and all the rest of the stuff. And what do you think they wrote back?"

I wasn't answering that question. Because I knew what they'd written back. And because I was busy framing the answer to another one.

"What?"

He gave the line a send-off with a short cough.

"They wrote they don't owe the money and they have no record of the charge."

"You got the charge?"

Question modified by puzzled scowl, very slight.

"Here it is, Bogen."

He handed it across and I examined it for a moment. Then I looked up with a wide grin.

"I know what this is, Nissem."

"What?"

"It's that smart shipping clerk of mine. He got the names twisted. I can tell from these numbers on the charge that those dresses were shipped to Biegel-Falk-Tinne, not Caxton-Bleiweiss." I shook my head and chuckled. "That's the college boys for you, Nissem. You know, I used to have shipping clerks, I'd pick them up off the streets and they never even saw a pencil in their lives before. In ten minutes I used to teach them all they had to know and they never made a mistake. Now I got me a college boy. At night he can't stay a minute late because he's gotta run like hell down to school to study accountancy or psychology or whatever the hell they teach them down there, but when it comes to getting a little thing like a charge or a shipping receipt right, he frigs the whole thing up." I folded the charge and put it into my breast pocket. "Don't worry about this, Nissem. I'll take it back to my place and have him trace it and send duplicates to Biegel-Falk-Tinne."

My voice must have sounded a lot more soothing than the explanation. When I finished, he was back in his usual jovial mood again.

"Oh, well, Bogen, that's different. I guess that's liable to happen to anybody."

"Of course. Hell, I can remember the day when—"

"Well, Bogen, let's see what you've got today."

"Quite a big slock today, Nissem."

I handed over the express receipts and the duplicate charges. He examined them and made his calculations on the scratch pad.

"Almost nine thousand bucks today. Boy, Bogen, you certainly must need money badly."

I'd like to know when he ever heard of anybody needing it any other way.

Miss Blaufarb made out the papers. Then I signed them and we went down to the bank for the cash.

"You know, Bogen," he said as he handed me the money and I pocketed it, "I just been thinking, Bogen. You've borrowed close to twenty thousand bucks so far. And that's, well, that's a lot of jack, Bogen. So maybe you better not hock any more accounts for the next week or so? Till the money starts coming in on the old stuff, hah?"

I should live so long as he'd have to wait for the money to come in on the old stuff.

"If you say so," I said with a shrug. "Fact is, Nissem, I was just thinking myself that this last batch, this last slock I sold you today, would just about see me through into the clear. Maybe I may need another coupla thousand at the outside. Just another two or three, within the next coupla days. But if you don't want to carry me for it, why—"

"Oh, well," he said quickly, "another small amount like that, all right. But a big one like today, I don't know, Bogen, it's kinda—"

"Don't worry, Nissem. Today was the last big one."

"Okay, then. So long, Bogen."

"So long, Nissem."

I watched him go off down the street

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to his office. Kazdabian coming back in ten days and Lenny Nissem sending letters to Detroit. The time had come to hoist anchor. Twenty thousand bucks wasn't bad. In fact, twenty thousand bucks was damn good.

XIII

I STRAIGHTENED UP from the trunk and stretched to take the dull pain out of the small of my back.

"I don't know about Hollywood. By the time we reach there I may need some more clothes, according to what I hear they wear out there. But I know damn well I got enough for Europe. How about you, Martha?"

"Well," she said slowly, "there are a *few* things. But oh, well. I can either get them on the way to the boat or just let it go."

"Okay, then. Suit yourself, Martha. But let's not miss the boat because you needed another bottle of nail polish."

"Don't worry, Harry. This is one boat I'm not missing."

Everybody was always telling me not to worry. If I didn't do it, who was there to do it for me? I walked into the bedroom and closed the door halfway. When I was sure she was hidden behind the trunks again, I opened the bottom drawer of my dresser, shoved aside the shirts and pajamas, and took out the small metal box. I opened it and counted the money once more. A little over nineteen thousand in large bills. I started to put it into my pocket. But it was too bulky and I didn't want to start carrying it around too early in the day. There was plenty of time just before the boat sailed. And anyway, nineteen was an odd figure. I liked round numbers. I put the money back in the box, replaced the box under the pajamas and shirts, and came out into the living room.

"Say, Martha. Do me a favor, will you?"

She came up from behind the trunks again.

"What, Harry?"

"Call up my place and ask if Mr. Kazdabian got back yet."

"All right, Harry. If you say so."

"Thanks."

I gave her the number and she dialed it.

"Hello? Hrant Kazdabian, Incorporated? Is Mr. Kazdabian in? Well, this is a friend of his. I heard he was coming back to town today. Oh. I see. Well, in that case, never mind." She hung up and turned to me. "Some sour-voiced girl on the wire, there, and—"

"Yeah. That's Miss Eckveldt. She looks like wallpaper and she's sore at the world. What did she say?"

"Said they got a telegram from Kazdabian this morning. He's in Chicago. Won't be in for another two or three days."

Enough time for me to make a round figure out of an odd number.

"All right, then," I said, taking my hat. "I'll tell you what you do, Martha. You finish your packing. And go through my stuff, too, like a good kid, will you, see if I left out anything? I'll go downtown and wind up the few things I have to do. Then I'll be back for you, we'll have lunch, and taxi down to the boat. Okay?"

"Okay." She smiled quickly and held out her arms. "How about a kiss, huh?"

She was getting awfully grateful suddenly.

"Why not?" I kissed her, but she must have had her mind on the packing. From the way it tasted, it would take an awful lot of them to flavor a cup of coffee. "So long, kid."

"So long, Harry."

XIV

AS SOON as I walked into the office, Miss Eckveldt started hovering around me with her list of telephone messages and the wire from Kazdabian. I glanced at the wire and handed it back to her.

I walked out into the back. Eric was tearing labels from a batch of new returns and blotting out the old shipping instructions with his black crayon. He was all right, once he got the idea.

"When did these come in?"

"This morning, Mr. Bogen." He shrugged quickly. "I don't know what it's all about, these damn returns coming back and forth. But you told me to tear off the old labels when they come in, so I'm—"

He wasn't supposed to know what it was all about.

"That's right, Eric. Clean them all up quickly and I'll give you a fresh bunch of labels."

I made up a new set from the names and addresses in the accounts-receivable ledger and helped him paste them on while he wrote the charges and shipping receipts and called for the man from Railway Express. When the receipts were all signed and ready, I took them and hurried over to Lenny Nissem's office.

"Oh, Mr. Bogen!" Miss Blaufarb cried flutteringly when she saw me. "You missed Mr. Nissem by a minute!"

What was she so excited about?

"Aah, nuts. Where'd he go, you know?"

"I don't know," she said nervously, "but he was looking for you, Mr. Bogen."

I was looking for him, too.

"Do you know if he's coming back soon?"

"I don't know—" she began, then corrected herself quickly and hung a smile over her jittery face. "Why don't you sit down and wait for him, Mr. Bogen? I'm sure he'll be—"

It was worth waiting to turn nineteen thousand into twenty-five thousand. But I didn't like the way she was acting.

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll just go down for a cup of coffee and then I'll be back."

"You sure you'll be back, Mr. Bogen?" she asked anxiously.

The only thing I was suddenly sure of was that I was going to get as far away from Thirty-fourth Street as my feet, a taxicab, and a steamship would carry me.

"Oh, positive. I'm just going to grab a bite downstairs."

"All right, Mr. Bogen, but please come back because—"

"You bet I will."

She could make bets on things like that. Not me.

"All right, Mr. Bogen. I'll tell Mr. Nissem if he calls or comes in that you'll be right back."

"Do that, Miss Blaufarb. Tell him positively to wait for me."

"I will, Mr. Bogen."

I hurried back to my office and grabbed Miss Eckveldt.

"Listen," I said quickly. "Give me a wire on the shipping-room telephone. And if anybody calls up and asks for me, especially a guy named Nissem, I'm not in, understand? I'm positively not in to Mr. Nissem. Got that?"

She looked puzzled.

"Yes, but—"

"I'll call you up at home tonight and tell you all about it when we both have more time," I said sarcastically. "Now give me a wire in the back."

Eric was busy with his newspapers again when I came into the shipping room. But I didn't have time to bawl him out.

"Gimme the phone," I snapped.

He jumped off the table quickly and shoved the phone at me. He didn't have to be so scared, either. Starting tomorrow he'd only have to worry about being caught by Kazdabian.

"Mr. Bogen," he began apologetically, "I was just—"

"Shut up!" I dialed the Montevideo. "Hello, Charlie?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

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Steel à la mode

WHEN Schiaparelli adopted the zipper with loud hosannas, she added another unit to the chain linking fashion with steel. For the well-dressed woman has seized another former masculine prerogative. She wears or carries about with her considerably more metal than men do, despite a knightly background of clanking armor.

She adds lingerie touches to "basic" dresses with the aid of ingenious, minute snaps. Her coiffure is kept in place with almost invisible hair- and bobby-pins. In her handbag, jostling shopping lists, cards, handkerchiefs and similar impedimenta, are a lipstick, compact and cigarette case, all first cousins, no matter how elaborately they may be tricked out, of the humble tin can, which is also made of steel.

Individually, these and other essentially feminine gadgets represent only a microscopic proportion of the total tonnage of steel annually consumed in this country. In the aggregate, however, along with pins, needles and other necessities of the garment trade, they help to make up the 2440 lbs. of steel per family consumed in this country in 1937.

And each of them presents certain nice problems of manufacturing and processing. Makers of bobby-pins, for example, need wire in two shapes, eight thicknesses, seven widths and with a choice of four finishes. Manufacturers of compacts, lipstick cases and the like demand very thin steel sheets that are highly ductile, free from imperfections and with excellent enameling qualities. As a leading producer of wire and sheets, Bethlehem is excellently equipped to satisfy these requirements.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

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"This is Mr. Bogen. Connect me with Miss Mills."

"Sorry, Mr. Bogen. Miss Mills is not in."

"What?"

"She just went out a few—"

"You must be cockeyed," I snapped. "Ring her for me."

"All right, Mr. Bogen."

There was a long pause and then he came back on the wire.

"Sorry, Mr. Bogen, it's like I told you. She's not in."

"Well, what the—" I stopped, and my hand froze to the receiver. Out in the office, arguing with Miss Eckveldt, I could hear Lenny Nissem's voice.

"Never mind!" he was bellowing angrily. "Don't give me any of that brush-off stuff! I'm gonna look for that little four-flushing bastard till I find him! And lemme tell you something, sister. When I get him, I'm gonna—"

I dropped the phone and grabbed Eric.

"Listen," I rattled quickly. "If that guy comes in here, you don't know where I am, you haven't seen me, you don't know when I'm coming back, I'm not in, you don't know anything. Understand? I'm not in. You don't know where or when I'm—"

He looked at me wildly and shook his head with his mouth open.

"Yeah, sure, all right, I—"

I released him and hopped across the floor to the metal partition between the toilet and the freight elevator. Just as I disappeared behind it, I heard Nissem's loud voice coming through into the shipping room. Behind the partition was a big rubbish can and a pile of old cardboard boxes. I edged in between them and pulled a couple of the cartons around me quietly. There were several holes in the partition near the edges, for nuts and bolts. I put my eye to one of them and looked out on Nissem. His hat was pulled down low, and his fat face looked like murder as it worked viciously around the cigar.

"Where's Bogen?" He looked all around the room. "Lemme just get my hands on that rotten bastard, I'll tear his heart out! Come on, where is he?"

Eric shook his head quickly.

"I—I don't know. He went out and he—he didn't say where. I don't know—"

Nissem roamed across the floor with one hand in his coat pocket. I held my breath. I tried to remember where I'd left my hat. Then I felt the sweat on my forehead under the sweatband. I was wearing it.

"The lousy reputation that dirty bastard's got, I shoulda known betterna trust him. A goddam crook, that's all he is! I get my hands on him, I'll shoot him like a dog. Before the cops get him, I'll murder the louse." He swung on Eric again. "Where the hell is he?"

Eric's head looked like a flag in a slow breeze.

"I—I don't know."

Nissem swung over to the table with the returns on it. He began to shove them around.

"Ah-hah!" he yelled suddenly. He reached out and grabbed Eric. "You don't know anything about it, eh? The whole thing, you don't know from nothing, hah? Well, listen to me, young fellah, you're—"

Eric's lips started to quiver. He clutched at Nissem's hands where they were holding him by the throat.

"I don't know anything about it!" he cried. "Honest, I don't know what—"

Nissem dragged him over to the shipping table and shoved his nose down among the returns.

"You don't know anything about it? All of a sudden you got a weak memory? You start lyin' to me, kid, you're gone to jail together with that louse boss of yours. You're the shipping clerk here, no? You're the one kept changing the labels on these same goddam returns, sending them out over and over again, didn't you? Sending them out over and over to good accounts on fake orders? So's your boss could come and hock the fake charges and shipping receipts by me for heavy dough? You don't know anything about it, eh?" He flung Eric loose against the table. "Well, we'll see what you got to say to the district attorney about that. Just a buncha cheap crooks, that's all, the whole bunch. A buncha crooks like that, making a monkey outa me, taking me for over twenty thousand—"

Just as Eric found his voice, and my heart was dropping down deep for fear of what he would say, Nissem turned on his heel.

"I didn't—" Eric began weakly.

Nissem stopped and glared at him.

"Phyew!" he snarled. He spat viciously on the floor of the shipping room. "The whole place stinks! Crooks, that's what you are! The whole bunch. I'll send you all up for life! Phyew!" He spat again and stalked out.

I let my breath out slowly and sagged against the rubbish can. My face was wet with perspiration. My collar was damp. I took off my hat and wiped the sweatband. Then I noticed that I was still wearing my topcoat, too. I waited until I couldn't hear Nissem any more. Then I added a minute or so for a safety margin. Finally, I came out from behind the partition. Eric was leaning against the shipping table, looking at the returns, his lips quivering.

"Mr. Bogen!" he cried desperately. "I didn't have nothing to do with—"

I pulled my fist back.

"Shut up!" I snarled.

He clutched my arm savagely.

"Mr. Bogen!" he cried. "I didn't have anything to— Tell him I didn't know— Mr. Bogen, I didn't know what you—"

I shoved my palm out hard, straight from the shoulder. It caught him in the face. His head snapped back and he fell against the shipping table. He lay there, crying.

I walked out into the office quickly. Miss Eckveldt was sitting with her hands in her lap, staring at the door in fright.

"Mr. Bogen! What—"

"Shut up and don't ask questions," I snapped.

She stared at me. The look of terror on her face sobered me a little. I must have looked like a wild man.

I made an effort to bring my voice down to a normal level. I straightened my coat and fixed the hat on my head.

"I'll be back later," I said.

I hurried out into the hall and pushed the button for the elevator. The cheap little rats I had around me, what chance did I have? I looked sharply at the elevator door. Nissem might be coming back. I ran around to the stairway, went down two flights of stairs, and came out on the seventh floor. There I walked to the elevator button and pushed it more calmly.

XV

Out in the street I turned up my coat collar and pulled my hat low over my eyes. I hurried to a drugstore on Eighth Avenue. With Lenny Nissem running around loose and talking big, Seventh Avenue was suddenly an unappetizing place. I went into a phone booth and called the Montevideo.

"Hello, Charlie. This is Mr. Bogen. Miss Mills come back yet?"

"No, sir. She didn't—"

That pot was worse than a policeman. She was never around when you wanted her.

"All right, Charlie. But listen. She comes in, you tell her I called and she should wait for me. Tell her I'm coming up there."

"All right, Mr. Bogen."

"Don't forget, now, Charlie. This is important."

"I won't forget, Mr. Bogen."

I took a cab to the Montevideo. As it turned the corner from Central Park

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West into Seventy-second Street, I saw a tall, heavy-set man pacing around nervously under the marquee. There was something about the way he held his right hand in his coat pocket and the way he was chewing savagely on his cigar that made me duck down quickly below the level of the window.

"Driver! Hey! Keep going!"

He turned and looked down at me on the rear seat with a puzzled frown.

"You say something, buddy?"

I waved my hand sharply to show that I wanted him to keep the cab moving.

"Don't stop! Don't stop here! Keep on going! I want you to—"

"Oh." He understood and he kept the cab moving. As we passed the marquee, Nissem looked up quickly. But I was out of sight and he turned around to continue his pacing. "Where to now?" the driver asked.

"Turn right on Columbus. Stop at the first drugstore."

When I got out, he put his hand on the meter.

"Wait for you?"

I looked up and down the block.

"Yeah, wait for me."

"Right, bud."

I went into a phone booth and called the Montevideo again.

"Charlie. This is Mr. Bogen. What about Miss Mills? She in? She call?"

"No, sir. She—"

"Oh," I said slowly. "Well—"

Suddenly this was beginning to look like something more than a last-minute shopping trip for a bottle of nail polish.

"Mr. Bogen?" His voice was suddenly bright with concern. "Is there anything I can—"

"Aah, shut up!"

I hung up and hurried out to the cab

"Get me up to the Montevideo again."

"You mean that Seventy-second Street place we—"

"That's right, that's right. And this time, drive past quick. Don't stop. Just drive past."

"I got it," he said; then, "Say, what are you trying to do, duck somebody?"

"No, I'm just a visiting architect. I like the front of the house. I make a point to drive past at least twice every day I'm in town."

He shut up at once and hunched forward over the wheel. That left me with nothing to do but toy with my thoughts. It wasn't a pleasant way to pass the time and I was almost glad when we turned into Seventy-second Street. Nissem was still pacing around in front of the door. He certainly went to a lot of trouble for a lousy twenty grand.

"Keep going," I warned the driver. I buried my head deep in a corner of the cab. "Past the house."

"Where to now?"

"Western Union. There's a Western Union somewhere around here?"

"One on Columbus Avenue, just around the—"

"Take me there."

He stopped the cab in front of the telegraph office and I got out.

"Wait for you?"

"You might as well. You got an investment in me by this time."

I went in and wrote a telegram to Martha at the Montevideo. I didn't know where the hell she was bouncing that chest of hers at the moment, but one thing was sure: she'd be back at the apartment in time to sail. I wrote:

"Steamship tickets are in top drawer of desk in living room. In bottom drawer of my dresser, under blue silk pajamas, you will find small locked metal box. Take metal box and steamship tickets and take train to Philadelphia. Meet me at Benjamin Franklin Hotel. I will be registered as Harold Boardman. Leave all luggage in apartment. Will exchange tickets for later sailing. Will wire superintendent from Philadelphia when to forward it to boat for our sailing. Will explain everything when I see you tonight in Philadelphia. Important. Remember Benjamin Franklin Philadelphia Harold Boardman tonight. Harry."

"Straight telegram?" the girl asked when I handed her the blank.

"Yes."

She counted the words and I paid for it. I went out and climbed into the cab again.

"All right, big boy. Here's what I want you to do. I want you to drive me past the Montevideo once more, and then, when you get to Seventy-second and Columbus, you park on the corner. I want to watch out for—"

"Park on the corner?"

"Yeah, park on the corner. What difference does it make to you? You keep your meter running and I'll—"

He shrugged and started the cab.

"Okay with me, buddy."

"Get going, then."

He drove past the Montevideo, with Nissem still pacing up and down like a guy in a blizzard trying to keep warm, and then we parked on the corner. From the rear window of the cab I could watch the front entrance to the building without being seen myself.

A cab was drawing up in front of the Montevideo. Nissem turned toward it. He seemed to recognize someone inside and ran forward to open the door. Martha stepped out and looked at him with a frown. Nissem started to talk to her. Before she could reply, somebody else stepped out of the cab. The guy who stepped out after her was my pal and ex-partner, Teddy Ast!

I wasted another precious ten seconds watching. When Nissem finished talking to Martha, she shrugged and shook her head. Then Nissem spoke to Teddy Ast. He shrugged and shook his head. Teddy Ast said something to Martha, then stepped back into the cab and drove away. Nissem followed Martha into the Montevideo, still talking heatedly.

"Driver," I barked, "Get me back to that Western Union office! Hurry up!"

"Western Union? The place we—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" I leaned forward and shoved his shoulder. "The place we were before! Come on! Come on! Come on! This is—"

"Okay, buddy, okay," he said angrily, "I'm—"

The cab started with a lurch that threw me back on the seat. A few moments later, I hopped out in front of the telegraph office before the wheels were against the curb. I ran in and spoke to the girl who had taken my money.

"Listen, Miss. That telegram I gave you to send a little while ago. You know the one. To the Montevideo. You didn't send that yet, did you? You didn't—"

She smiled cheerfully.

"Oh, yes, sir! That went out some time ago. It was—"

"There's no way of—" I stopped. If it went out, it went out. "No," I said with a scowl, "I guess there isn't."

"Why, is there anything wrong, sir?"

"Yeah," I said dryly as I ran out, "your service is too damn efficient."

When I reached the cab, the driver looked at me with a touch of fright in his eyes.

"What's up now, Mister?"

"I don't know myself."

"Say, Mister. Why don't—"

"I don't know why I don't. You wait for me."

I ran back into the telegraph office, went into a phone booth, and called the Montevideo.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Charlie. This is Mr. Bogen. Connect me with Miss Mills."

If he told me now that she wasn't in, I'd walk up there, Nissem or no Nissem. and shred his collar bone!

"Just a moment, Mr. Bogen."

That was all I could spare.

"Hello?"

It was Martha's voice. I hunched myself around the mouthpiece.

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"Listen, Martha. This is Harry. But don't use my name on the phone if you're not alone, understand? If you're not alone, now, if someone's with you, call me, call me, call me Isabel. All right?"

"Why, hello, Isabel," she said cheerfully. "How are you?"

That meant Nissem was with her. It couldn't be anybody else. I had seen Teddy Ast drive away in the taxi.

"Good girl, Martha. You get my—"

"Yes, Isabel," she said with a laugh, "I got your telegram. Awfully nice of you to send it just before I'm sailing. Thanks, dear. I will."

For being in that taxi with Teddy Ast a few minutes before, I would knock her teeth in later. Right now I had to hope and pray she'd heard of the word loyalty at least once in her checkered career.

"Nice going, Martha. You understood what I said in the telegram? You followed everything?"

"Yes, of course, Isabel. It *was* a little bit of a surprise, but—"

"I can explain all that when I see you, kid. Just don't pay any attention to that guy Nissem, will you? He's fulla bull no matter what he says and he's gonna tell you a lot of phony stuff. He's all wacked up. Don't pay any attention to him and get rid of him as soon as you can."

"Of course, Isabel. I'll be glad to."

"So you understand everything in the telegram, Martha?"

"Perfectly, Isabel."

"That's swell, kid. Then I'll see you at the Ben Franklin in Philly tonight. You got any idea what train you'll take?"

"Oh, I don't know, Isabel. The first I can make."

"All right, kid. I'll rush out there as soon as I can."

She laughed delicately.

"All right, dear."

"Don't forget the tickets and don't forget the black box in my dresser."

"Of course not, Isabel. I won't forget."

She was all right. She'd probably gone to see Ast to say good-by to him. He'd probably called her up and she couldn't avoid it, that's all.

"So long, Martha."

"Good-by, Isabel," she said.

XVI

I TOOK the subway downtown and got out at Thirty-fourth Street. I hurried through the tunnel to Penn Station, went into a phone booth, and called the Montevideo.

"Hello, Charlie. This is Mr. Bogen."

"Mr. Bogen? Oh, say!" His voice rose excitedly. "There's been an awful lot of calls and people looking for—"

"I know, I know, I know. Listen, Charlie, connect me—"

"But Mr. Bogen! A Mr. Nissem. He was here a lot and he—"

"Charlie, I—"

"And about a dozen calls, honest, about a dozen from a Mr. Kaz—wait a minute—yeah, a Mr. Kazdab—"

"Listen, dope!" I yelled into the phone. "You wanna shut up just for ten seconds? Just long enough so I can—"

"Yes, sir," he said quietly. "Sorry, I didn't—"

"Don't be sorry; be quiet."

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Mills. Connect me with Miss Mills."

"Sorry, Mr. Bogen. She's not in."

"How do you know?"

"She went out a little while ago."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"She say anything to you?"

"No, sir. But—"

"But what?"

"She didn't say anything, Mr. Bogen. But she was carrying a small bag."

I grinned quickly.

"She was, Charlie?"

"Yes, sir. She was carrying a small bag. And she seemed in a hurry, too."

"Okay, Charlie."

Good old Martha! She had a chest like a pouter pigeon, a brain like a Capone partner, a voice like a motorcycle exhaust, and she thought she was the Countess di Frasso. But when it came to a pinch, she was all there.

I was whistling cheerfully as I hurried over to the ticket window.

"One way to Philadelphia."

"Coach or chair car?"

I hesitated. Martha wouldn't be traveling in a coach. That was sure. But she was carrying the dough. I was carrying seven bucks.

"Coach."

I turned up my collar, pulled down my hat, and hurried out to the train. I got a seat in the smoker and kept my eyes to the window until we reached Newark. Then I got up and started going through the train. I did it systematically and carefully. Before I went into each car, I looked it over quickly through the glass door from the platform. Then I walked through fast, watching the seats as I went. But I didn't find her. I did the whole thing twice, smoker, coaches, Pullmans, even the diner. But she wasn't on the train.

I went back to my seat in the smoker.

First I worried about Martha. I had spoken to Charlie about five-thirty. He said she had left with her little bag sometime before that. She might have left long enough before five to make the five o'clock train. She would be in Philadelphia an hour ahead of me. She would be waiting at the Ben Franklin.

Then I worried about Nissem and Kazdabian. They could both drop dead. Once I got my hands on the money that Martha was bringing and we got out of the country, they could cry on each other's shoulders. Kazdabian was too old to worry about; and, anyway, he had his beads. As for Nissem, he had plenty more money. It wouldn't kill him if he lost a little blood himself for a change.

Suddenly I realized I was hungry. I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast. But I couldn't afford a meal in the diner. My shoes cost thirty dollars, my suit had set me back a hundred and sixty-five, my shirt was custom made, and my hat had a label in it that would have brought a whistle from anybody in the car who could read English. But I couldn't afford a meal in the diner.

XVII

PHILADELPHIA! *Thir*tieth Street Station. *Phil*adelphia! Broad Street next stop."

From the Broad Street station I took a taxi to the Benjamin Franklin. I hurried into the lobby and looked around. I didn't see Martha. I walked over to the desk and waited until one of the clerks was free. When he caught my eye he smiled graciously, the lips growing very thin and spreading out an inch on either side and the corners going up a half inch. He shoved a registry card in front of me and handed me a fountain pen. "Harold Boardman," I wrote, "152 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y." He swung it around and started to make notations on a new ledger card. I leaned over and tapped his arm.

"Yes, sir?" he said, looking up.

"You mind seeing if there's any messages for me?"

The gracious smile slipped into place at once.

"Certainly, sir. Just a moment, please." He stepped across the small space to another section farther down and I heard his voice. "Any mail or messages for Mr. Harold Boardman of New York? Boardman? B-o-a-r-d-m-a-n?" In a few moments he was back with a telegram. "That's all there was, sir."

"Thanks."

He dipped down again to finish his notations on the ledger card. I ripped the telegram open. It was addressed to Harold Boardman and was signed Mar-

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tha. I took those two things in first. Then I started to read:

"Thanks for the money. I was wondering where you were keeping it. I don't like Philadelphia. I don't like people who try to hook leashes to me. I don't like people who think they're smarter than I am. I don't like you. No sense in postponing trip. Fits in with my plans perfectly. I will arrive on Coast just in time to start work under contract Teddy is arranging for me. Teddy sends his thanks for the cabin. Teddy's second name is Ast. Look me up in Hollywood some day and I'll buy you a hot dog. Wouldn't try to stop us from sailing if I were you, as a gentleman by the name of Leonard Nissem is seeing us off. He is very boring company, like all your friends are. He keeps saying over and over that you are going up for a stretch. If this means they are going to hang you, I am all for it. This is the longest telegram I ever sent but I'm having the time of my life sending it and I wouldn't shorten it by a sentence even if it cost a dollar a word. I would send it collect if I thought you had enough money on you to pay for it, but I wanted to make sure you'd read it. I've been saving it up for you for a long time. Teddy is paying for it, anyway, and asks me to include his regards. Teddy is taking a vacation from his business and is carrying his checkbook and fountain pen. Teddy says your pretty little black metal box from under your silk pajamas is all mine. Teddy says he doesn't want to see anything you ever touched. Teddy is being silly about that, I think, but I don't mind. Teddy says nuts to you. I say so too. Nuts to you. Martha."

"Bad news, sir?"

"What?"

I started and looked down at the clerk.

"Bad news, sir?"

"No—uh—I—I—just a—"

"Sorry, sir." Again the gracious smile. "I thought from your face that it was bad news." He raised his head to look past me. "Front!" A bellhop came forward swiftly. "Your luggage, sir?"

"What?"

"Your lug—"

"Oh. Uh, I haven't got any. I was just—"

A different kind of smile. The lips bunched up in a pout. The cheeks two high little peaks.

"Sorry, sir. We'll have to ask for payment in advance, then."

The bellhop looked at me. The clerk looked at me.

"All right. I'll—" I started to reach for my wallet and then I remembered. "Wuh, uh, I'll tell you. Never mind. I've changed my—" I held up the telegram. "Bad news. I've gotta get back to New York right away."

I walked through the lobby and out into the street. There was a slight breeze. It rustled the telegram in my hands and made it crackle. I looked down at it stupidly.

I couldn't go back. I couldn't stay here.

I crumpled the telegram into a ball and threw it into the gutter. How could a thing like this happen to me? That goddam little bitch! I should have known better than to trust her. I should have— I looked up and down the dark empty street. I was all alone.

What the hell does a guy do now?

Elbert Hubbard

(continued from page 14)

Presently, orders and re-orders for that particular issue of the *Philistine* came flooding in. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad wanted to reprint 100,000 copies of "A Message to Garcia." Businessmen, stumbling upon "A Message to Garcia," saw in it an answer to prayer: something which would energize their workers. The end result may be briefly summarized as follows: by the year 1913, some forty million copies of the tract had been given to the world. It had been distributed to every member of the U. S. Marine Corps, of the Boy Scouts of America, of nine insurance companies, and of numerous other corporations; to all Russian railroad employees and to all Japanese government employees, military and civil. Up to the present time, the number of copies distributed has been estimated by Hubbard's son to be something like *eighty million!*

"A Message to Garcia" was grossly inaccurate as to its facts, to be sure. According to Hubbard, Lieutenant Rowan was given his message by the President of the United States, whereas in fact he was given it by Colonel Arthur Wagner. According to Hubbard, the message was a letter, sealed up in an oilskin pouch; actually, it was not written down at all, but orally transmitted. But what did that matter? The homily made Hubbard—and the Roycrofters—famous. It put him on the road to wealth. And it showed him where his future lay. The long-haired enemy of convention, the apostle of Venetian human-muscle craftsmanship, was to become the Voice of American Business.

III

In this year 1938 it may seem more than paradoxical that a man of radical temper should become an advocate of big business. But I do not think it is necessary to conclude that Hubbard's career was therefore one huge hypocrisy. What happened was more logical than that.

First, one must remember that Hubbard had little sense of economics. When he spoke of himself as a socialist, he no more thought of indicting the prevailing business system than the man who orders a fabricated house today thinks of reconstructing the whole city in which he lives. Besides, he not only was a salesman and money-maker by instinct, with an immense urge to succeed, but had become the administrator of a considerable business, and thus was acquiring sympathy with employers in general. He had long believed that business, being one of the central interests of Americans and being dramatic and important, ought to be written about. The success of "A Message to Garcia" gave him the hint that there was money to be made out of writing about it enthusiastically: nothing more entranced businessmen than to discover that a rustic sage, a student of the wisdom of the ages, shared their problems and could speak their language. Hubbard loved to preach. Very well, he would preach the business virtues. Thus it was that the follower of William Morris became the forerunner of Bruce Barton.

When Hubbard chose to drop his limp-leather style, he could be a capital phrase-maker. He excelled at epigrams. "Get out, or get in line"; "The man with the savings-bank habit is the man who never gets laid off"; "I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job"; "People who never do any more than they get paid for never get paid for any more than they do"; "God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars"—that was the sort of thing he could turn out by the carload. He was the spiritual grandfather of the millions of inspirational

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mottoes which were to hang on the walls of businessmen's offices. He liked, too, to collect maxims and homilies from the literary classics; a volume of his favorite passages, brought together by the Roycrofters many years after his death, became a best-seller among the culture-gulpers under the title of *Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook*.

As time went on, he became more and more the successful businessman with an eye for the main chance. The circulation of the *Philistine* climbed above 200,000 when Hubbard, back at his old premium-selling game, offered for ten dollars a "Life Membership in the American Academy of Immortals." The privileges of a member included a ninety-nine-year subscription to the *Philistine,* a subscription to the *Little Journeys* as long as they should be issued, such other books and pamphlets as the Roycrofters might elect to send, and "Success, Health, and Love Vibrations, sent daily by the Pastor or Ali Baba." Hubbard started another magazine, the *Fra*. His arts and crafts were flourishing, and the presses roared; now Hubbard had several hundred employees. The inn overflowed with "pilgrims." He was in huge demand as a lecturer, and spent months of each year touring the country to his great profit; once he even appeared on the vaudeville stage.

He was a success. Yet though the *Philistine* had a fleeting vogue among the intelligentsia of the day, many of whom found it refreshingly unconventional, the great majority of educated Americans held Hubbard in low regard. The literary world dismissed him as unimportant—somewhat as it later dismissed, say, Dr. Frank Crane or Edgar Guest. Respectable citizens of Buffalo thought him an odious vulgarian, and were annoyed when their out-of-town guests asked to be taken to see the Roycroft shops. Among prosperous and proper East Aurorans, Hubbard's colony was considered such a sinkhole of probable iniquity that young girls, out driving in the family carriage, would go out of their way to pass within sight of it and would experience thereby a sense of delicious wickedness. Hubbard was denounced in the press as the "P. T. Barnum of art," as a boaster and a fraud. But he cared little; wasn't this all good advertising for him?

About 1908 he discovered—again somewhat by accident—another juicy source of revenue. Up to this time his *Little Journeys* had dealt with the heroes of the past. Businessmen like Henry Ford and J. Ogden Armour had liked these biographical tidbits, thin as they were, because Hubbard could make Beethoven or Dante come alive as an energetic person filled with the same sort of creative urge that it took to run a factory. In due course, he took as a biographical subject not a dead poet or musician or philosopher but a living businessman. There came a sudden demand for reprints. And thereupon he saw a great light. As he jokingly remarked to some friends, he had hitherto been like Little Minnie, "who gave away twenty thousand dollars' worth before she found she could sell it." He settled down to the remunerative labor of writing *Little Journeys* to the homes of living businessmen, and other tributes to the successful, making careful preparations to bring in orders for reprints.

During the bitter Colorado coal strike of 1914, for example, Hubbard wrote to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who controlled the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, to say that he had been out in Colorado and knew a little about the situation there. "It seems to me," he went on, "that your stand is eminently right, proper, and logical. . . . I am writing something on the subject. . . . Are you interested in distributing a certain number of copies of the *Fra* containing my article on the Colorado situation?"

When Norman Hapgood, who like most economic liberals was hostile to Hubbard, subsequently ventilated this correspondence in *Harper's Weekly,* under the title of "Elbert Hubbard's Price," Hubbard retorted: "The fact that I speak well of Mr. Rockefeller and his business methods, and that he occasionally buys my products, does not carry any proof that if Mr. Rockefeller were a different kind of man I would still uphold his cause." Sometimes, Hubbard remarked, the friends whom he boosted failed to respond; a laudatory article about Andrew Carnegie had produced nothing more than a request for a hundred copies. It is probably quite true that Hubbard persuaded himself that he wrote what he believed—and incidentally made a good thing out of it. But it is also possible that the Little Minnie of his anecdote persuaded herself that she enjoyed men.

Say what one will of Hubbard's ethics, however, the influence of his business writing was immense. He became one of the major prophets of the rising American religion of business success, opening the way to thousands of advertisers and public-relations experts during the years to come. In his tributes to Rockefeller, Rogers, Hill, and others, and in the signed advertisements which he specialized in during his later years, he showed how halos might be fashioned for successful businessmen. Up to that time few even of the businessmen themselves had suspected that they were fit candidates for canonization.

During these later years, the life of the Roycroft colony continued much as before. There was a new Mrs. Hubbard now, for after a scandalous divorce case the sage had married Alice Moore, the Massachusetts schoolteacher who had been the flame of his old love affair. He called her his "White Hyacinth" and regarded her as one of the great women of all time. (She was very thin, and the villagers called her "Slats.") They were happy together; they loved to go riding together, he out in front, his long, graying hair bound with a fillet, she following a little way behind. Of an evening he would join the guests by the big fireplace at the inn, and his disciples would gather round, and he would talk brilliantly, wittily, effervescently, his brown eyes seeming to enlarge and glow as he warmed to his subject. Every Wednesday evening and Sunday morning he held forth from the rostrum in the Chapel. Still new disciples came and were galvanized by the man's power. Still there was an air of freshness, of naturalness, about the colony: even in those prewar days, the girls wore overalls and short hair. And still the Roycrofters seemed unworldly—even when their Pastor's activities had become grossly commercial.

IV

Elbert Hubbard and his wife went down on the *Lusitania* when it was torpedoed off the Irish coast in the spring of 1915. He had printed a little diatribe against the Kaiser called *Who Lifted the Lid Off of Hell?* and the rumor long persisted among credulous Americans that the Germans sank the ship to do away with Hubbard.

When the *Lusitania* was beginning to settle and it was clear that no more could board the lifeboats, a passenger saw Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard on deck and asked them what they were going to do. Hubbard shook his head; Mrs. Hubbard smiled and said, "There does not seem to be anything to do." Then he turned with her, entered a room on the top deck, the door of which was open, and closed it behind them—as if fearing, in that moment of final resignation, that they might be parted in the water. They were never seen again.

What did Elbert Hubbard leave behind him? A business enterprise which long continued to cash in on his reputation by reprinting his writings, but slow-

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ly dwindled and now with some forty employees in the shops and twenty in the inn, is undergoing reorganization; a vast profusion of writings, mostly very ordinary, and of somewhat more memorable business mottoes; an ambitious but dubious contribution to American craftsmanship; the memory of a gay experiment in providing pleasant working conditions for a few hundred business employees; the memory of a buoyant and electric personality; a cultural influence which at least opened the eyes of thousands of men and women to the fact that there were values in the world undreamed of in their village philosophy; and, finally, a potent idea: that businessmen could be invested with qualities both touchingly human and impressively godlike.

[The sixth in a series of articles in which SCRIBNER'S is reconstructing memorable fragments from our past in the light of their contemporary meaning. The seventh will appear in an early issue.]

The Most Overrated People in America—Ballot

(*see page 22*)

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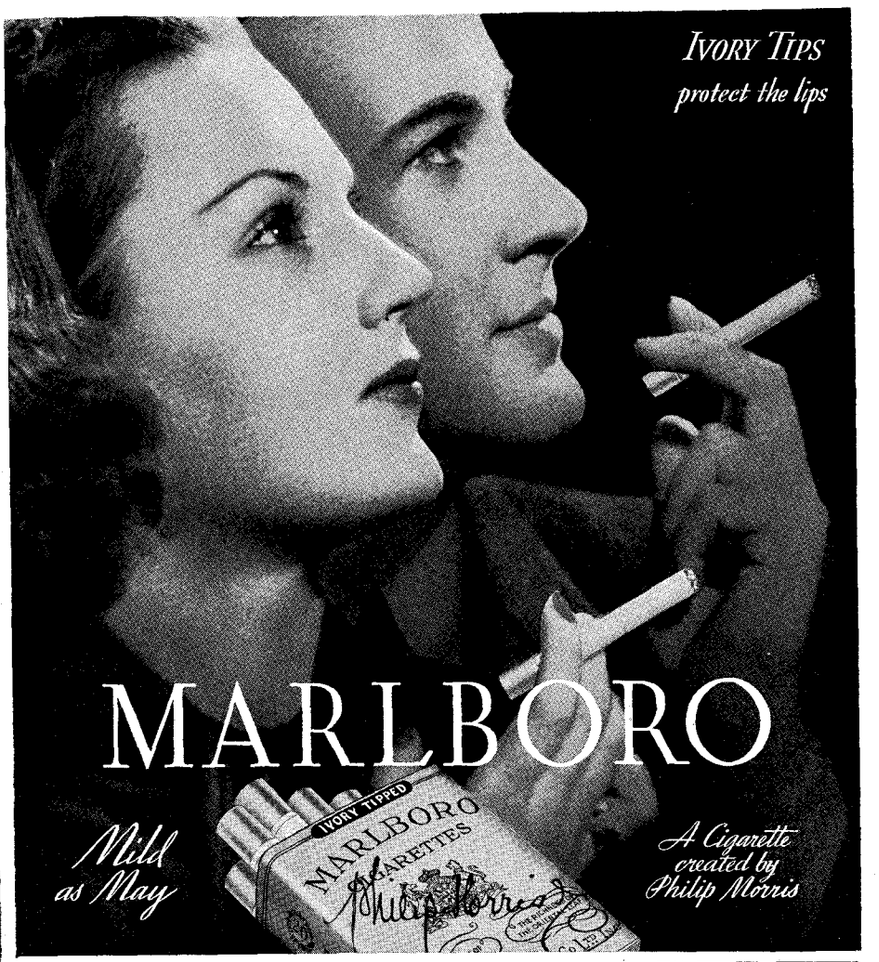

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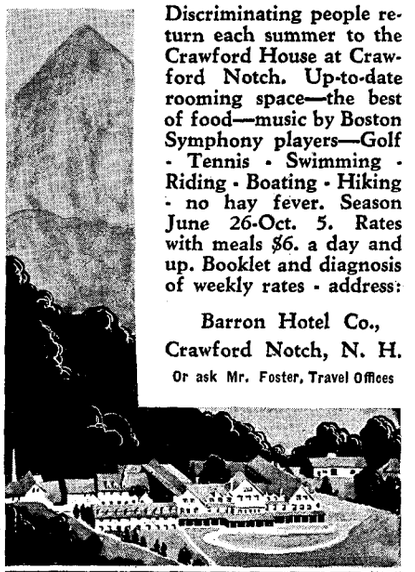
MT. WASHINGTON
WHITE MOUNTAINS
NEW HAMPSHIRE



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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHATEVER may be the fault of our writers these days, it is not a failure to grapple with the perspectives of history. Whether it is Jonathan Daniels writing *A Southerner Discovers the South* (Macmillan, $3), or Vincent Sheean disporting himself in a novel of the eighteenth century, *A Day of Battle* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the characters and institutions under discussion are all related to historical benchmarks that are sometimes centuries apart. The result is a victory for intelligent understanding, though intensity is often lost.

Vincent Sheean's novel is a prime example of the virtues and the faults of the intelligent long-range approach to the writing of historical fiction. In the old days, when Maurice Hewlett and Winston Churchill were combing the past, the accent in historical fiction was all on the color and excitement of events. But in Mr. Sheean's *A Day of Battle,* the color and excitement are subdued; the actors are seen through a glass that relates them to the beginnings of mercantile capitalism in the sixteenth century on the one hand, and to the ends of industrial and finance capitalism in modern times on the other. Mr. Sheean is writing about the events of a single day—the day of the Battle of Fontenoy, May 11, 1745. On that day, as Mr. Sheean says, the movement of history was reversed for a moment; the French and the Jacobite Irish and Scotch, commanded by a German king's brilliant bastard, Maurice de Saxe, defeated an army of the English, Hanoverians, and Dutch. As Sheean says, very few of the actors on that Flanders field of Fontenoy, and very few back in France at the court of Versailles, were aware of world trends. To Louis XV the fight was a chivalric contest between ancient rivals; to Maurice de Saxe it was a problem in military strategy. To the Jacobites it was the signal to open a campaign to restore the Stuarts to their ancient lands in Scotland and to the English throne; Bonnie Prince Charlie's unsuccessful invasion of England stemmed directly from Fontenoy. But Vincent Sheean compels one to read of the personal motives of men with one eye paradoxically fixed on the great three-cornered struggle between France and England and the rising state of Prussia for world commercial supremacy. Deliberately Mr. Sheean lets Voltaire and the thoughtful Marquis d'Argenson have the last word; they alone of Mr. Sheean's actors had an awareness of the movement of their century.

The result of Mr. Sheean's sense of scale is a novel that pleases the intelligence, but fails to stir the emotions. Because one is constantly thinking of Martin Luther at one end of the historic process and Joseph Stalin and Adolf Hitler at the other, one tends to see Louis XV and Voltaire and the Jacobites as little bugs whose individual lives are entirely unimportant. The sense of history clashes with the sense of personality, and history wins.

In making this point against Mr. Sheean I am not arguing for the sort of historical fiction dished up twenty years ago by the Churchills and the Hewletts. I am arguing that historical fiction is bound to be disappointing on any terms short of the genius of a Tolstoy. The problem of immersion is too difficult for lesser novelists to solve when they turn to the past. Either they seek to build up the illusion of immersion by arbitrary concentration on the surface manifestations of a distant time, or else they trail with them a sense of the twentieth-century present which robs their work of any quality of immediacy. I wish Mr. Sheean would spend his energies on contemporary people as he did so well in *Personal History.*

In Jonathan Daniels's *A Southerner Discovers the South,* the sense of history gives depth and precision to what would otherwise have been the pure impressionism of the fly-by-night automobile traveler. Mr. Daniels's tour of his homeland began in Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington; there the perfectionist ghost of Robert E. Lee haunts the air. The rest of Mr. Daniels's trip, which took him to the mill towns of the Carolinas, to Norris Dam, and the TVA, to the cotton country of the Mississippi delta, to Birmingham, and back home to Raleigh, North Carolina, by way of Atlanta, was an adventure in laying the ghost of Lee. As Mr. Daniels says, the Civil War and Lee's failure have been a splendid excuse which Southerners have invoked to explain the plight of their section. Actually, however, the South was ruined even before there was a civil war; cotton culture based on the enslavement of a people—whether by actual chattel slavery or by the share-cropper system—is bound to produce some of the human degradation of Erskine Caldwell's characters (see *Southways,* Viking, $2.50) in both rulers and ruled. The South is not all Caldwell, but Mr. Daniels admits that Caldwellism is there.

Everywhere he went Mr. Daniels was struck by the fact that Southerners can become rich only by selling a very cheap product, such as Coca-Cola. The argument for low prices in the South is inescapable; there will be no rehabilitation of Dixie as a market for our national industrial plant unless prices are shaved and shaved again in the towns and back-country districts below the Ohio. Because of this simple, obvious fact, the quarrels that rage in the newspapers about "unfair" government competition in the TVA region seem beside the point; by "fair" means or foul, the South must have cheap electricity if it is to buy refrigerators, radios, and light bulbs. Northern consumer-goods industries have a definite stake in TVA.

The sense of history suddenly coming to a mutation point is what gives Eugene Lennhoff's *The Last Five Hours of Austria* (Stokes, $2.50) its exciting undertone. Herr Lennhoff's book has all the immediacy that Vincent Sheean's *Day of Battle* needs; but simply because he was an intelligent person immersed in great events Herr Lennhoff can tell his immediate story without losing sight of the larger implications. *The Last Five Hours of Austria* is the sort of book, a blend of homely detail and philosophical perspective, that Vincent Sheean should be able to do for the Spanish Civil War when his present reportorial job in Barcelona is over.

Mysteries

Lawrence G. Blochman's *Midnight Sailing* (Harcourt, Brace, $2). The steamer is Japanese, the detective is a newspaperman sent on board to get an exclusive yarn from a lovely "missing"

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.

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heiress. There are several murders, a spot of international intrigue, and a fiery conclusion in which all is cleared up. Bang-up in every way.

Coffins for Three, by Frederick C. Davis (Crime Club, $2), is a *very* slick article. The action is in high gear from the third or fourth page, and runs all the way from a shooting outside of a New York honky-tonk to the penthouse eyrie of a Manhattan carrier-pigeon fancier—and the windup has a gruesome touch that supplies a shiver where, too often, there's a sigh.

Nigel Moreland's tough lady cop, Mrs. Pym of Scotland Yard, gets better with each story of her bellicose exploits. The third and newest Pym perpetration is *The Case Without a Clue* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2) and, while it has the sturdy Elvira shouting and stomping and slamming around as usual, contains more scientific deductive material than its predecessors. Three murders, with a tempestuous mid-channel finale.

Mr. Reginald Fortune returns to our midst in *This Is Mr. Fortune* (Crime Club, $2) and demonstrates neatly the superiority of a series of short stories to the all-too-frequent, overstuffed, full-length affairs. There is at least one murder in most of the stories, and the famous Fortune brand of deducing, plus the familiar mannerisms, is turned on full strength.

Those who hone for the happy days before Peter Wimsey saved Harriet Vane from the gallows for the fate of courtship and marriage will rejoice in the knowledge that *Clouds of Witnesses* and *The Documents in the Case,* by Dorothy Sayers (in the last named Robert Eustace collaborated), are now available in a combined edition (Harcourt, Brace, $2). *Clouds of Witnesses* is Wimsey at his best; the other yarn, although it is told through a series of letters—a device which, for all its classical justification, your correspondent abhors—is top-flight fare for the mystery-story reader with a nose for the scientific; and though the tales are ten and eight years old respectively, they stand the test of time excellently.

Barney Gantt, ace newspaper pix-man and camera-eyed amateur detective, gets tangled up in a couple of political murders in *Rope Enough* (Crime Club, $2), not to speak of a kidnaping and other criminal carryings-on. For some reason or other, killings in a fictitious New York political campaign leave one rather cold, but the most captious reader couldn't complain about any lack of action.

In Short

Fiction

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN, by Louis-Ferdinand Celine. Ferdinand Bardamu, the hero of *Journey to the End of Night,* is the protagonist. A rich novel with all of Celine's acrid, sharp-edged realism, with the squalid and comic juxtaposed. Important, but not for the squeamish. Little, Brown, $2.75.

MONDAY NIGHT, by Kay Boyle. Novel mystery story in which two drunken American protagonists pursue famous French toxicologist who is the object of their hero worship. What happens in time has no relation to the important study of expatriate psychology and expatriate behavior. Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

THE FISHMANS, by H. W. Katz. A moving novel of the turmoil of the Ruthenian Jews. Migration to America, the War, and pogroms contribute to the mighty stream of family anguish. Viking, $2.50.

THE WORLD IS MINE, by William Blake. A personal-adventure, conquest novel based on vengeance. Spanish hero in world finance. Time: 1770 to the outbreak of the present revolution. More negotiation than character. Simon & Schuster, $3.

Nonfiction

THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY, by Thomas Mann. Elaboration of abstract, inspirational lecture, by most famous German artist-exile. A call to faith in justice and liberty. Knopf, $1.

MY SISTER EILEEN, by Ruth McKenny. Collection of *New Yorker* pieces which chronicle two of America's most charming lasses from round sailor hats at the silent movies to entertaining the Brazilian navy. Harcourt, Brace, $2.

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, by Robert Forsythe. Collection of articles from the *New Masses* by only Stalin-Communist humorist in captivity in America. Covici, Friede, $2.

THE MAKING OF A SAILOR, by Alan J. Villiers. Brief text and one hundred and ninety-one pages of photographs showing training of cadet seamen on square-riggers. For sailing enthusiasts. Morrow, $4.

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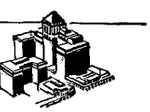

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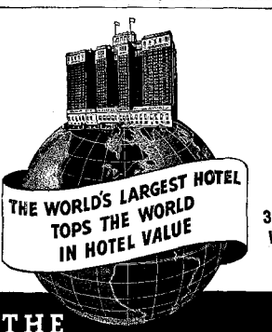

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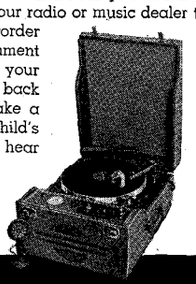

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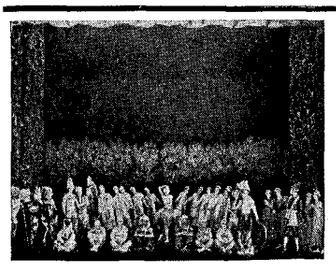

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

For a nation that only five years ago evinced little if any interest in *pirouettes, fouettés,* and *entrechats,* America, thanks largely to the annual visits of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the wanderings of the Ballet Caravan, and the mushroom growth of companies and schools in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has become remarkably conscious of dancing "sur les points."

This fall will not see the return of Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe, but early in October many of the former principals of that company, including Leonide Massine, will begin an American tour under the ægis of World-Art, Inc. Planned originally as a sort of superballet, World-Art was to include not only choreographer Leonide Massine and dancers Tamara Toumanova, Alexandra Danilova, George Zoritch, and others who left the Monte Carlo troupe last spring, but choreographer Michel Fokine and dancers Alicia Markova, Nini Theilade, and Serge Lifar, no less than the somewhat depleted Monte Carlo troupe itself. This merger recently fell through. As well as one can discern from the confusion that exists at the moment of writing, the company which has Massine as its artistic head will be seen here in ballets, old and new, with music by Beethoven, Bach, Hindemith, Offenbach, Stravinsky, Borodin, Carpenter, Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakow, Tschaikowsky, Debussy, Delibes, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Weber, Schumann, Chopin, Auric, Poulenc, Nabakoff, and Kodally. Painters represented by settings and costumes include Matisse, Berard, Derain, Braque, Picasso, Benois, Berman, Bakst, Gontcharova, and Dali.

*

Outstanding among recent books on the ballet are Cyril W. Beaumont's *Complete Book of Ballets* (Putnam, $6), the same author's *Design for the Ballet* (Studio, $4.50), Ninnette de Valois's *Invitation to the Ballet* (Oxford, $5), and Arnold Haskell's *Ballet Panorama* (Scribners, $3.50).

*

The discography of ballet music which follows makes no attempt at thoroughness beyond the listing of available records of the outstanding ballets. The works are listed chronologically, with the original choreographer's name appearing in parentheses after the title.

The Balletomane's Disc Library

1866

La Source (Arthur Saint-Léon). Music: Leo Delibes.

Pas des écharpes; Scène d'amour & variations; Scherzo—Polka. Minneapolis Sym. Orch., con. Eugene Ormandy. Victor 1670/1.

1870

Coppélia (Louis Mérante). Music: Leo Delibes.

Czardas & Mazurka. London Sym. Orch., con. Eugene Goossens. Victor 4257.

Valse & Entr'acte. Minneapolis Sym. Orch., con. Eugene Ormandy. Victor 1743.

1876

Sylvia (Louis Mérante). Music: Leo Delibes.

Pizzicati; Cortège. Minneapolis Sym. Orch., con. Eugene Ormandy. Victor 1669/70.

1882

Namouna (Lucien Petipa). Music: Edouard Lalo.

Prélude; Sérénade; Thème varié; Parades de foire; Fête foraine. Lamoureux Orch., con. Albert Wolff. Brunswick 90344/5/6.

1890

The Sleeping Beauty (Marius Petipa). Music: Tschaikowsky.

La Fée des Lilas; Adagio; Pas d'Action; Pas de Caractère; Panorama; Valse. Hollywood Bowl Orch., con. Eugene Goossens. Victor 6871/2.

Aurora's Wedding (Marius Petipa). Music: Tschaikowsky.

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Efrem Kurtz. Victor set M326.

1892

Casse Noisette (L. I. Ivanov). Music: Tschaikowsky.

Nutcracker Suite. Philadelphia Orch., con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set M265.

1895

Le Lac des Cygnes (Marius Petipa). Music: Tschaikowsky.

Scene; Waltz; Dance of the Little Swans; Scene; Hungarian Dance—Csardas. London Phil. Orch., con. John Barbirolli. Victor 11666/7.

Waltz only. London Phil. Orch., con. Efrem Kurtz. Columbia 69080.

1900

Les Saisons (Marius Petipa). Music: Alexander Glazounow.

Complete ballet. Sym. Orch., con. A. Glazounow. Columbia set 284.

1907

La Tragédie de Salomé (Loie Fuller). Music: Florent Schmitt.

Complete ballet. Straram Orch., con. Walter Straram. Columbia set 157

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1909

PRINCE IGOR (Michel Fokine). Music: ALEXANDER BORODIN.

Ballet Music. Leeds Festival Chorus & London Phil. Orch., con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia 68384/5.

LES SYLPHIDES (Michel Fokine). Music: CHOPIN (arr. Murray & White).

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Victor set M306.

1910

L'OISEAU DE FEU (Michel Fokine). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Complete ballet. Sym. Orch., con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia set 115.

SCHÉHÉRAZADE (Michel Fokine). Music: RIMSKY-KORSAKOW.

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Antal Dorati. Eng. "HMV" C2968/9/70/1/2.

. . . Philadelphia Orch., con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set M269.

1911

LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE (Michel Fokine). Music: WEBER (Berlioz's orchestration of *The Invitation to the Dance*).

Berlin Phil. Orch., con. Wilhelm Furtwängler. Brunswick 90313.

PÉTROUCHKA (Michel Fokine). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Complete ballet. Philadelphia Orch., con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor (in preparation).

Concert version. Sym. Orch., con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia set 109.

1912

DAPHNIS ET CHLOE (Michel Fokine). Music: MAURICE RAVEL.

Suite No. 1: *Nocturne & Danse guerrière.* Paris Conservatory Orch., con. Piero Coppola. Victor 11882.

Suite No. 2: *Lever du jour; Pantomime; Danse générale.* Boston Sym. Orch., con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor 7143/4.

PRÉLUDE A L'APRÉS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE (Vaslav Nijinsky). Music: CLAUDE DEBUSSY.

Straram Orch., con. Walter Straram. Columbia 68010.

THAMAR (Michel Fokine). Music: MILY BALAKIREV.

Symphonic Poem. Paris Conservatory Orch., con. Piero Coppola. Victor 11349.

ADELAIDE OU LA LANGUAGE DES FLEURS (Mlle. Trouhanowa). Music: MAURICE RAVEL.

Valses Nobles et Sentimentales. Paris Conservatory Orch., con. Piero Coppola. Victor Nos. 11727/8.

1913

LE FESTIN DE L'ARAIGNÉE (Gilbert de Voisins). Music: ALBERT ROUSSEL.

Complete ballet. Straram Orch., con. Walter Straram. Columbia 67952/3.

LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS (Vaslav Nijinsky). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

. . . Philadelphia Orch., con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set M74.

1914

LE COQ D'OR (Michel Fokine). Music: RIMSKY-KORSAKOW.

Orchestral Suite. London Sym. Orch., con. Eugene Goossens. Eng. "HMV" C3013/4/5.

1917

PARADE (Leonide Massine). Music: ERIK SATIE.

Prélude du rideau rouge; Prestidigitateur chinois;

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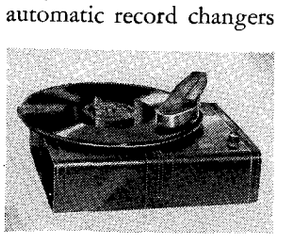

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THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES (Leonide Massine). Music: DOMENICO SCARLATTI (arr. Tommasini).

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Eugene Goossens. Eng. "HMV" C2864/5.

1919

LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE (Leonide Massine). Music: GIACOMO ROSSINI (arr. Respighi).

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Eugene Goossens. Victor set M415.

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT (Leonide Massine). Music: MANUEL DE FALLA.

Three dances: *Los vecinoa; Danza del molinero; Danza final.* Madrid Sym. Orch., con. E. F. Arbos. Columbia 67578/9.

1920

LE CHANT DU ROSSIGNOL (Leonide Massine). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Chinese March. London Sym. Orch., con. Albert Coates. Victor 11160.

PULCINELLA (Leonide Massine). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Suite for small orch: *Toccata; Gavotte & Variations; Duetto; Minuetto; Finale.* Sym. Orch., con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia 68187/8.

LE TOMBEAU DE COUPERIN (Jean Borlin). Music: MAURICE RAVEL.

Paris Conservatory Orch., con. Piero Coppola. Victor 11150/1.

LA VALSE (Leonide Massine). Music: MAURICE RAVEL.

Poème Chorégraphique. Boston Sym. Orch., con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor 7413/4.

1921

CHOUT (Slavinsky-Larionov). Music: SERGE PROKOFIEFF.

Lamoureux Orch., con. Albert Wolff. Brunswick 90409/10.

1923

LA CRÉATION DU MONDE (Jean Borlin). Music: DARIUS MILHAUD.

Ballet nègre. Sym. Orch., con. Darius Milhaud. Columbia 68064/5.

LES NOCES (Bronislava Nijinska). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Soloists, chorus, four pianos & percussion, con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia set 204.

1926

THE TRIUMPH OF NEPTUNE (George Balanchine). Music: LORD BERNERS.

Ballet suite. London Phil. Orch., con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set X92.

1927

PAS D'ACIER (Leonide Massine). Music: SERGE PROKOFIEFF. (Choreography for first American performance, 1931, by Edwin Strawbridge.)

Ballet suite. London Sym. Orch., con. Albert Coates. Victor 11446/7.

1928

APOLLON MUSAGETE (George Balanchine). Music: IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Ballet suite. Boyd Neel String Orch., con. Boyd Neel. Decca 25700/1/2/3/4/5.

Apollon et Terpsichore, only. Boston Sym. Orch., con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor 7000.

1929-31

BOLERO (Bronislava Nijinska). Music: MAURICE RAVEL.

Boston Sym. Orch., con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor M352.

1931

FAÇADE (Frederick Ashton). Music: WILLIAM WALTON.

Ten numbers. London Phil. Orch., con. William Walton. Victor 12034/5.

THE GOLDEN AGE (Kaplan-Vainonen). Music: DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH.

Polka & Russian Dance. Paris Sym. Orch., con. J. Ehrlich. Pathé X96301.

1932

SOVIET IRON FOUNDRY (Adolph Bolm). Music: A. MOSSOLOV.

Boston "Pops" Orch., con. Arthur Fiedler. Victor 4378.

1933

LE BEAU DANUBE (Leonide Massine). Music: JOHANN STRAUSS (arr. Désormière).

Complete ballet. London Phil. Orch., con. Antal Dorati. Victor set M414.

1936

DON JUAN (Michel Fokine). Music: GLUCK.

Excerpts. Chamber orch., con. H. von Benda. German Electrola EH949.

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE (Leonide Massine). Music: HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Paris Phil. Orch., con. Selmar Meyrowitz. Columbia set 267.

1937

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI (David Lichine). Music: TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Symphonic Fantasia. London Sym. Orch., con. Albert Coates. Victor 11091/2.

1938

BEETHOVEN SEVENTH (Leonide Massine). Music: BEETHOVEN.

Phil.-Sym. Orch. of New York, con. Arturo Toscanini. Victor set M113.

BORODIN SECOND (Leonide Massine). Music: ALEXANDER BORODIN.

London Sym. Orch., con. Albert Coates. Victor set M113.

Romantic Business

(*continued from page 21*)

tion of scholarship, journalism, and literary imagination. Each writer is expected to turn out an average of about eight stories a year. Many take to guzzling milk of magnesia at the office to fortify themselves against that occupational indigestion which comes from mental strain and is known around the Luce properties as the "*Time* stomach." One of *Fortune's* most brilliant and dependable writers cracked under the strain last summer, found himself unable to write even so much as a coherent sentence, and had to resign for a long rest cure. Many of the staff members have eccentric habits. One will write feverishly for twenty-four hours at a stretch, curling up for infrequent naps on the office sofa and ordering food sent in. Another used to keep his phonograph at the office and play Beethoven symphonies while composing his manuscript. Another once shaved his head clean as an egg and began wearing blue sneakers around the office. In this getup he appeared at a conference with officers of a biscuit company about which he was writing a piece. Next day Hodgins dictated a memorandum on how *Fortune* writers should dress.

Russell Davenport is one of the few members of the present editorial staff who was with *Fortune* when it started. He became managing editor last year at a salary of $25,000 a year. A tense individual with a voracious curiosity, Davenport is regarded around the office as a "creative" editor—a term which in this particular case implies both flattery and censure. According to some of his associates, he tends to visualize a story as he himself would write it, rather than follow the slower, more patient course of guiding the staff writers in the development of their own story angles.

While Davenport is the organization's driving engine, Hodgins is its balance wheel. An immensely competent writer and editor, Hodgins started out to be a chemical engineer. In his second year as a student at M. I. T. he fell under the spell of his English professor, Robert E. Rogers, the man who coined the phrase "be a snob, marry the boss's daughter." Rogers got his young protégé a job as editor of the *Technology Review.* From there, Hodgins went to the *Youth's Companion,* where he was editor when the famous old magazine was sold in 1929. He arrived in New York along with the depression and, in a curious about-face, became an advertising-space peddler for *Redbook.* In order to counteract the sales propaganda of his competitors, the women's magazines, he devised *Redbook's* famed promotion slogan: "The shadow of a man stands behind every woman who buys." After a turn as a promotion manager of *Redbook,* he moved into the editorial department as associate editor, and then,

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in 1934, made the jump to *Fortune*.

In his first four weeks there Hodgins wrote, "Arms and the Men," the munitions-industry story which is supposed to have started the Nye Investigation, and is certainly one of *Fortune's* really outstanding articles. Hodgins was made managing editor in 1935, publisher in 1937. Around the office of Time, Inc., he is called "The Padre" and is noted for a booming laugh second in volume only to that of *Life's* managing editor, John S. Billings. Hodgins' wit expresses itself in after-dinner speeches and is even attempted in office memoranda. Sample: because he felt that *Fortune* was using its own name too frequently in articles published in the magazine, Hodgins tacked up a notice on the bulletin board beginning: "FORTUNE will please stop gazing so fixedly at its navel in the presence of other people."

V

FORTUNE'S chief advertising argument is that it reaches businessmen "of managerial capacity and up"—live-wire executives who have responsible positions, good incomes, and homes far above the average. The magazine's promotion booklets claim that such readership makes *Fortune* a natural medium for two types of advertising. As executives of one sort or another, according to *Fortune,* its readers are a market for industrial goods like machinery, engines, conveyers, plant and office equipment. As household heads, they are a market for consumer goods and luxuries—winter cruises, fine jewelry, Packards, motion-picture cameras, expensive liquors, motorboats, etc. The result is that *Fortune's* advertising is divided about fifty-fifty between industrial accounts and consumer accounts. This straddling of the two fields was of immense help as the depression deepened. If the capital-goods industries stopped advertising, *Fortune* could still derive revenue from the consumer accounts.

The space rate is, however, relatively high. A dollar's worth of advertising in *Fortune* buys 92.8 readers, as compared to 140 in the *New Yorker,* which has about the same circulation, and 282.8 in *Time*. But space peddling for *Fortune* is one of the easiest jobs in the business. Once corporation presidents and admen begin reading a publication themselves, the space salesman's job is half done. To encourage readership in the advertising world, *Fortune* permits admen to subscribe at half the regular yearly rate, or five dollars.

The *Fortune* sales staff is a collection of serious-minded, somewhat humorless men working under nimble, red-haired William H. (Harry) Carey, advertising director. The typical *Fortune* salesman earns good money, dresses neatly, never looks haggard, considers the average *Fortune* writer a pretty queer fellow.

Where *Fortune* will go in the next five or ten years is anybody's guess. When it was started in 1930, the editors thought the magazine would be lucky to attain a circulation of 50,000. Already it has nearly three times that much. As the growth continued, the business office actually began to fear that *Fortune* might have too much circulation, with a consequent weakening of the argument that it is a super-class magazine read by vice-presidents. Roy E. Larsen, onetime circulation director of Time, Inc., and now publisher of *Life,* once announced in private that *Fortune* might have to raise its subscription price if the circulation growth got out of hand. His fears seem a bit premature. During 1937 the net gain in circulation —approximately 4000 subscribers—was far below that of preceding years, which had averaged 17,500. But the magazine is proud of the fact that its readers keep coming back for more. The circulation renewal rate is 72 per cent, one of the highest in the magazine field. Evidently the first ten dollars is the hardest.

[The seventh in our series of articles on magazines that sell. The eighth will appear next month.]

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page* 29)

1. ARTIST, by W. Eugene Smith, 2515 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York. Contax II camera; Zeiss Sonnar lens; 1/50 sec. exposure; f11 aperture; DuPont Superior film. The photograph was made during the 1938 outdoor art show in Greenwich Village.

2. DRIFTWOOD, by Werner Stoy, 6302 Crescent Street, Los Angeles, California. Contax II camera; Zeiss Sonnar lens; 1/250 sec. exposure; f11 aperture; DuPont Superior film. This is an enlargement from a 1" negative.

3. RAIN AND COLDER, by Richard Wurts, 15 East 40th Street, New York. Zeiss camera, Super Ikonta B (2¼" x 2¼"); Zeiss Tessar lens; 1/50 sec. exposure; f2.9 aperture; Superpan roll film.

4. WELCOME, by Vincent La Badessa, 5960 Trinity Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Zeiss camera, Super Ikonat B; Zeiss Tessar lens; 1/50 sec. exposure; f11 aperture; Agfa Superpan film. The picture was taken in Vieux Carre, New Orleans.

5. BUDDHA DOLL, by Ruth Bernhard, 1930 Landa Street, Los Angeles, California. Eastman View camera (8 x 10); Turner-Reiss lens; exposure 50 seconds; aperture f64; light, 1 photoflood and 1 reflector; Eastman Supersensitive Panchromatic film.

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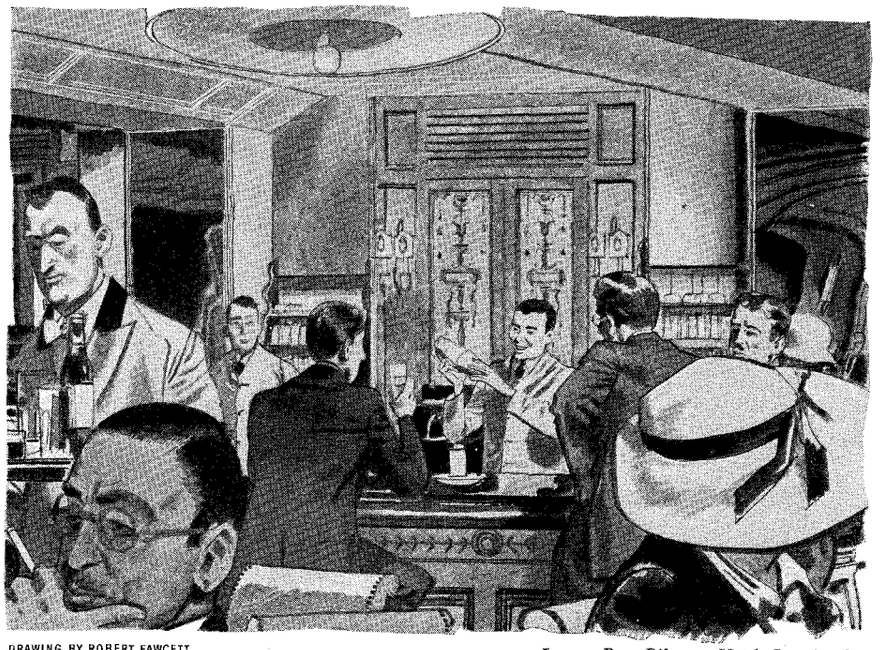

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Lounge Bar, Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

WHEN Jennings S. Cox hit on the idea of mixing Cuban rum, lime juice, and sugar in certain proportions and thus presented the drinking world with that admirable concoction known as the Daiquiri, he could scarcely have guessed how popular his drink would become and how much argument it was destined to provoke.

Ever since repeal, the Daiquiri has grown steadily in favor until it has become one of the leading mixed drinks of today. Step by step with this advance, disagreement has swelled as to the correct pronunciation of the name, the proper proportions of the three ingredients, and whether the Daiquiri ought to be prepared as a cocktail or not.

Cox's Daiquiri, the first on record, had a simple formula: "One of lime, two of sugar, and three of white Cuban rum." The sugar was dissolved in the lime juice, then mixed thoroughly with the rum, and the mixture poured over finely cracked ice in a champagne glass. It has been reliably reported that Mr. Cox disliked hearing his drink referred to as a cocktail, and the Daiquiri, as he conceived it, was far removed from the type of concoction which is tossed off hastily before dinner.

Letters I have received from time to time anent the invention of the Daiquiri indicate that Mr. Cox has several rival contenders for the honor.

Here is one which at least bears the earmarks of authenticity:

"It happened in July, 1898," the correspondent wrote, "just after the surrender of Santiago. The Cubans and Spaniards had a popular drink made of rum, lime, sugar, and charged water, and one of the American officers, Kick Elwell, had the idea he could improve it. He took a large pailful of ice from one of the transports to the city and, assisted by many friends, experimented with various mixtures (none of which was wasted) in the old Hotel Venus in Santiago. Finally he worked out a good combination, namely, one jigger of Cuban rum, one-half lime juice, one spoonful of sugar, and lots of shaved ice. It was a drink fit for the gods.

"Kick Elwell lived in and around Santiago for many years and was always known as the original inventor of the Daiquiri, which was named for his camp in Cuba during the first intervention at the town of Daiquiri."

So it goes. No doubt there are many other stories with an equally authentic ring, but I am content to let the credit rest with Jennings S. Cox. As to the correct pronunciation, there seems to be no authority capable of deciding the question. I have adopted Dak-eree for my own use, but Dyk-eree is often heard.

I have tried most of the recipes for the Daiquiri and I still think that Al Long, former head barman at the New York Athletic Club and now manager of the bar at the George Washington Hotel in New York, has the best formula of all:

½ ounce lime juice
2 ounces white Cuban rum
Sugar to taste.

To make a perfect Daiquiri the lime must not be too light or too green. Do not measure by juice of half a lime but allow one-half ounce lime juice for each cocktail. Add granulated sugar to lime juice slowly in the mixing glass. The sugar will settle in the bottom of the glass. When the proportions of lime juice and sugar are equal, stir thoroughly until sugar is absorbed by the lime juice. Do not use powdered sugar, or a floury mixture will result. Add any good white, Cuban type rum and allow two ounces for each cocktail.

While you are mixing the cocktail, chill the glass with cracked ice or ice cubes. Fill the shaker with ice and shake hard and quickly so it will chill in the minimum time without being diluted. Strain and pour into the chilled glasses.

This is the best cocktail I know.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: Please explain which are the best years of the past fifteen for the more prominent wines.

ANSWER:

Port, 1924, 1927, 1931, and 1935
Claret, 1928 and 1929
Burgundy, 1923, 1929, and 1934
Rhine wines, 1933 and 1934
Champagne, 1926, 1928, and 1929

QUESTION: For outdoor punch in large quantities, what do you consider the most inexpensive kind?

ANSWER: The cheapest of all is, without question, a punch made with gin as a base. Here are two excellent recipes:

THE WESTPORT SPECIAL

Peel the rind of two large lemons very thin, and allow them to soak in two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one pint of cold water and allow to remain for at least one half-hour in a punch bowl. Later on, add one bottle of gin, a good quantity of ice, two bottles of plain soda, before serving.

THE CORPORATION PUNCH

For twenty people. To three bottles of dry gin add an equal quantity of sparkling water, together with juice of three lemons and six oranges. Now pour in one wineglass (4 oz.) of maraschino; sugar the mixture to taste, ice it thoroughly, and serve.

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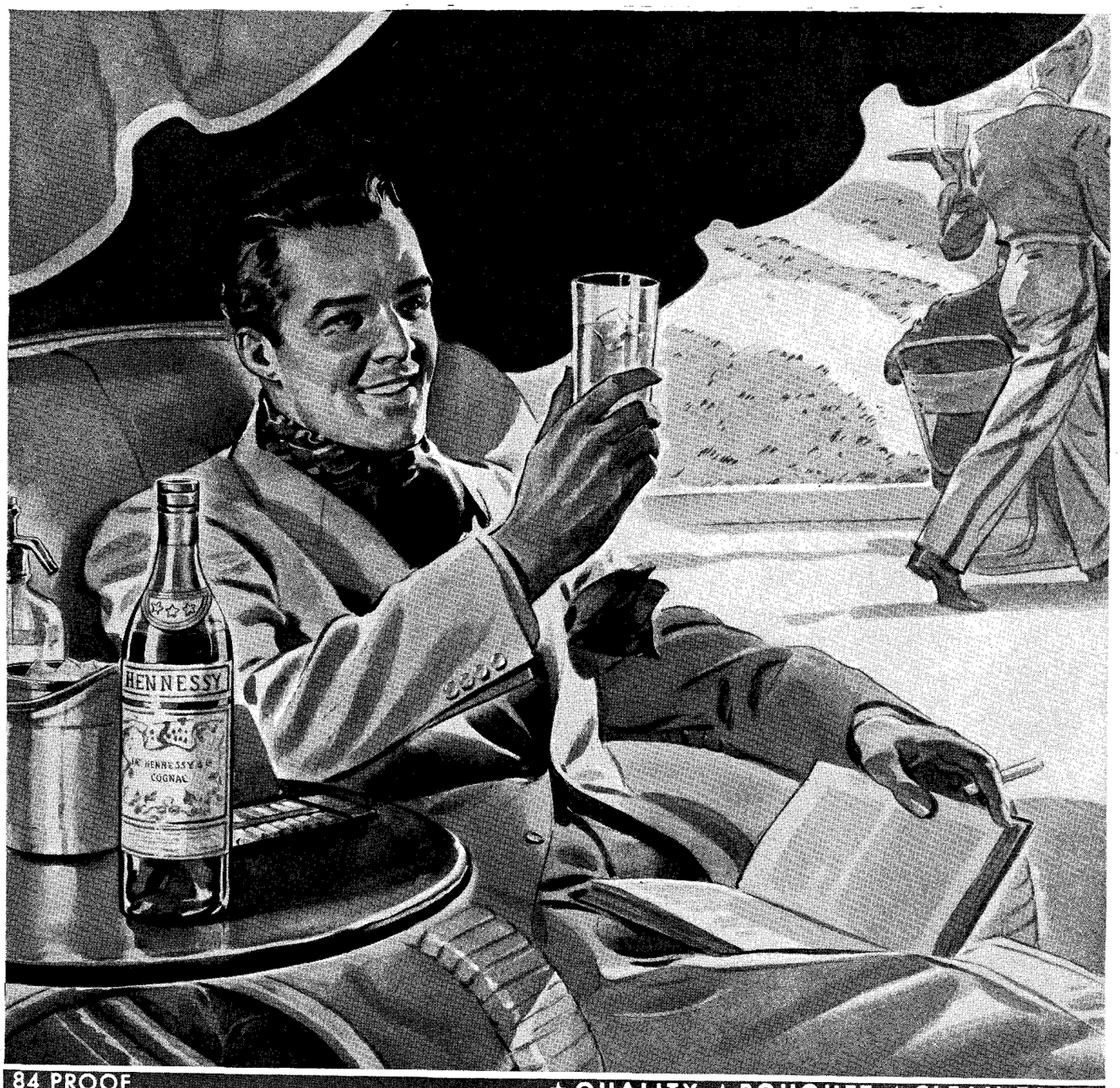
HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY



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HENNESSY-and-SODA
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Mr. Milquetoast in the Sky

(continued from page 11)

that, big and handsome as planes look, pretty as the stewardess may be, impressive as the safety figures are when calculated for individual risk, nevertheless, them things ain't safe.

Now that Hollywood is back in another cycle of air pictures, airline executives have that hunted look in their eyes again. Every time the hero bails out of a burning crate or the villain does in the heroine's brother by fixing things so the wings come off at 10,000 feet—with a diligent stuntman making things as hair-raising as possible—the audience's thrill further reinforces their subconscious impression that planes, any planes, are appallingly risky. Although Hollywood will pay any amount of heed to the consul general of some mosquito-bitten republic who objects to a certain film's treatment of banana-country dictators, the huge box-office appeal of air thrills has kept the picture industry absolutely deaf to the airlines' frantic yelps. The airlines could get no further than the futile gesture of refusing to co-operate with the studios in producing this kind of promotion poison and hoping that Hollywood's big shots, who are always flying coast-to-coast, would eventually educate themselves into turning off the heat. The recent release of *Test Pilot,* however, looks vaguely hopeful. Although a gorgeous example of the kind of film that makes airline promoters jump off bridges, the picture does carry a foreword about how all these hair-raising risks have nothing to do with the safety of commercial air transportation. Not that a mere seventy-five words on the screen can conceivably counteract the goose-fleshy effect of the film that follows. But the airlines are hoping fervently that this first Hollywood gesture of any kind in favor of their sensibilities means something at last.

The press, however, is probably hopeless altogether. Air press agents, dismally aware that air crashes are by definition front-page news, are shrewd enough not to try to put the screws on managing editors after the manner of the brothers Shubert in their theatrical heyday. Naturally they grouse about it, bitterly claiming that, if a derailed excursion train in Texas kills ten people, the Eastern papers give it two stickfuls on page eight, whereas if a plane kills ten on an Allegheny mountaintop, it pushes the Czechoslovakian crisis right out of the picture. A smarting airline publicity man figured it out that a California crash last year got more newspaper space in Coast papers than direct stories on the signing of the Armistice rated in 1918. Even though the papers will also print the line's explanations of how the crash occurred, such afterthoughts cannot efface the big, fat headline type and the names and pictures of the dead the day before. After an air crash, cancellations flood in like Christmas cards on December 24. All over the country air-passenger business drops way below half of normal and takes two or three weeks to recover. If a highly publicized crash has that much effect on people who have already taken to flying, it is obviously sheer poison for those who haven't quite got up the nerve yet.

Observing that the average man no longer stops and gapes upward every time he hears a plane motor, the airlines can only hope that, in a generation or so, planes will cease to be news. Still highly intriguing to the public, worked hard by comic strips, magazine fiction, and screen, as well as by reporters, aviation lives in a goldfish bowl. As United's Miss Stansbury tells her lady audiences, aviation is the Joan Crawford of transportation—whatever she does, whether stub her toe or turn out a brilliant performance, she gets more publicity either way than anybody else. On that account the airline press agent often wonders how he would fare if, in answer to his prayers, the public began to take aviation as casually as it now takes railroads. That might put air-crash stories back among the market reports. But it would also mean that, relieved from the pressure of public interest in aviation, editors would no longer fill so much free space with aviation pictures and copy. What was gained on the swings might more than be lost on the roundabouts.

The railroads are pretty sore at the airlines for these deposit-and-credit arrangements whereby large corporations' employees are transported by air at 15 per cent discounts. These bring the cost per mile close to Pullman rates and save the companies huge sums in expense allowances because the men cut down their traveling time. The Federal straitjacket of the Interstate Commerce Commission prevents the railroads from meeting this kind of cut, whereas the airlines, hitherto floating in a kind of void among several Federal regulatory agencies, could juggle discounts more or less as they like. Yet those discounts were not primarily intended to step on the railroads' corns. Instead they are another way of getting people into the air. A salesman whose boss wants him to fly will be far likelier to take a first flight—then find he likes it and stick to the air from then on, for both business and personal travel.

In net effect, however, this "scrip system" has peeved not only the railroads, but also the swarming travel agents who would otherwise make excellent allies for the airlines, operating out of their myriad offices throughout the country. Airlines pay the same 5 per cent commissions as steamship lines. So travel agents were eagerly plugging air travel among their clients until the scrip system appeared to cut the heart out of their zeal. For the holder of a scrip card deals directly with the line. Immediately, the agents went into deep-blue sulks, from which they have never seen any reason to recover.

All most unfortunate, but indicating some of the reasons the airlines are so pleased with that projected new Civil

Sonnet for the Age

Black is the sky with bridges of your myths:
the iron etched on blue is touched with birds:
in mists of music flash your monoliths:
the angered gulfs break derricks with their words.

The future yawns from coiled malignant limbs,
the great caged eyes like poisonous flowers glow:
on forests thick with withered hands of hymns
the sky lies like a massive wall of snow.

Your bones are metal, aye, your blood is lead,
and since disintegration is your pride
heaven grows weary of your daily bread
and sinks in cloud, and nothing now can hide

the horror that pursues on paws of lust
your headlong flight of faces into dust.

—Oscar Williams

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Aeronautics Authority recently voted by Congress to do for plane traffic what the I. C. C. does for the railroads. Among a great many other things, the C. A. A. will probably outlaw scrip, which has already served its purpose.

When the airline plugger gets through perplexing himself over those dilemmas, he can whipsaw his judgment with the knotty question of whether the airlines can afford to bring up the subject of safety in their formal advertising. There is always the tempting possibility that a far-flung institutional campaign frankly telling the public just what the risks are might pay like the Homestake Mine. But so far the policy of the industry has been mostly the other way. After last winter's series of crashes, one major line did break off the reservation and start featuring the comparatively mountainless safety of its route to the Coast. But the other companies ganged up and made the line pull in its horns. For—here is the blistered spot—once you start talking about the relative safety of air transportation, what is to stop the public from going on to reflect on the huge safety superiority of railroads in absolute terms? There are a few heretics, but in general the air industry still feels that the safety subject had better not be brought up too emphatically for a while yet.

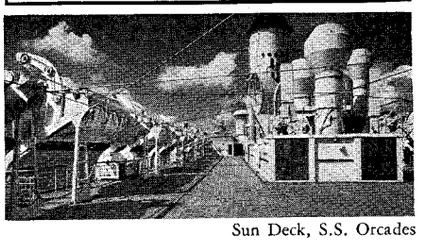
Free gum to chew against airsickness, free baggage transportation coast-to-coast if you are booked out on a steamer at the other end, free delivery of air tickets to your office, free babies' formulas concocted to individual order while in flight, free membership for good customers in the airlines' equivalent of the Kentucky Colonels—those may all be very shrewd moves. But the airlines can hardly get much beyond first base till the public gets as used to planes as it once did to Mississippi steamboats—which, in their day, were far more dangerous. Fundamentally, that probably means missionary work on the younger generation. So that's beginning too. Colleges catching the more prosperous type of student are considerably favored with the presence of airline representatives around vacation times. And United Airlines, assisted by a lady flyer from Esthonia named Elvy Kalep, are now going to bat under the Christmas tree to make the kiddies air-minded with an *Air Babies* campaign. Not the adventurous *Tailspin Tommy* sort of business, which is too close to the movies' unhappy insistence on melodrama, but straight conditioning to the flying idea. So far the layout includes only a story-and-picture book about little winged, and notably air-minded, supernatural characters named Speedy and Happy-Wings. But plans are to ring in all the tie-ups and toy changes that Mickey Mouse or Charley McCarthy ever thought of—*Air Babies* playsuits, *Air Babies* dolls, *Air Babies* drinking cups, bibs, and pencils. It sounds fine. Bring up a child in the way he should go . . . *i.e.*, by air.

The Scribner Quiz — Answers

(see page 36)

1. The Capitol and the House and Senate office buildings (2, 3 & 4)
2. Caledonia (3)
3. Cotton planters (2)
4. Two pyramids stand in the background (3)
5. Storing fat (2)
6. *The Boy Scout Handbook* (3)
7. By a non-voting delegate (2)
8. Four (3)
9. Shell Oil Company (5)
10. East Indian curry soup (2)
11. The steering wheel on the right side (2)
12. The cowbird (4)
13. *Our Town* (3)
14. Epic, dramatic, lyric (2)
15. Benes (6)
16. Joined the Brooklyn Dodgers as coach (2)
17. Let the sheep out into the pasture (2)
18. Increase the evaporating surface (3)
19. James Roosevelt has no children [he has two] (1)
20. Heart (3)
21. Paris garters (2)
22. Suffer from foot trouble (4)
23. The Olympian (5)
24. Put her in a pumpkin shell (2)
25. Navy won the 1938 Poughkeepsie race (3)
26. Airplane-design plans (5)
27. Bronchoscope (2)
28. An honest man (3)
29. Brazil (1)
30. U. S. House of Representatives (3)
31. Mining (3)
32. Frank Capra [a movie director] (6)
33. Armadillo (5)
34. The death of the Queen's mother (2)
35. A young pig (3)
36. Advocate of the Single Tax (4)
37. The heat (3)
38. On a dance floor (1)
39. Shredded Wheat (3)
40. Lou Gehrig (2)
41. Labor difficulties (1)
42. Crystalization [crystallization] (2)
43. Alaskan waters (4)
44. Skim it (3)
45. A glacier (4)
46. Comptroller General [15-year term] (2)
47. Aluminum Company of America (3)
48. A gaff (3)
49. The name of the Irish Free State (2)
50. Austria and Bosnia (4 & 6)

NEW SHIPS



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EDUCATION

Ghost-Writing

I was interested in following the fate of Robert Greenless Pearson, University of Kansas student whose "Ghost Behind the Grade," a frank confession of ghost-writing for some sixty students in eight colleges, appeared in the June issue of SCRIBNER'S.

Pearson's behind-the-scenes work was discovered a year ago by his English professor, who persuaded him to stop and suggested that SCRIBNER'S might be interested in an account of his unique profession. Late in May of this year, a University of Kansas dean, who knew the article was to be published, called Pearson to his office and said: "You weren't elected to Phi Beta Kappa. That" (referring to the ghost-writing) "is why."

Pearson related this to a fellow student who turned out to be the campus correspondent for the Kansas City *Journal Post*. It made a fine news story, with headlines like: GHOST WRITER HELPS OTHERS MAKE GRADE, BUT LOSES OWN LAURELS. A Kansas City radio station broadcast the whole affair, and soon Pearson's acquaintances began greeting him, "Hi, spook."

Editorials sprouted up throughout the country, many of them condemning Pearson and his clients for dishonesty and adjuring them about their self-respect. Others treated the matter good-naturedly. As Pearson said in his article, "the moral and ethical standing of my occupation has not yet been carefully worked out."

At the University of Kansas it was worked out far enough to deprive him of a Phi Beta Kappa key—though he was a campus leader and had consistently made A's. But I have heard of no penalties being imposed upon the U. of K. students who bought Pearson's services.

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Quotation of the Month

"There can be no question but that progressive education has freed the elementary and secondary schools of much of the cruel discipline and formalism of the olden days. No one is going to deny that making school interesting was a blessing and that the elimination of subjects whose only recommendation was their difficulty needs no excuse. It is also granted that adjusting education to individual aptitude was a necessary reform in a society where education is compulsory. At the same time it had two great weaknesses. Like the elective system its administration requires psychological knowledge which few teachers possess and frequently it mistakes laziness for inaptitude. As its practitioners are now beginning to realize, if it is to work some way must be found to instill self-discipline to take the place of that formerly administered by the teachers. That unfortunately has not been done in the past, with the result that children educated to believe that their desires and personalities are sacred continue to demand of life that same consideration which their teachers are accustomed to give them. When they grow up those children retain their childish ideals for the very reason that they have never heard of any others."—George Boas, professor of the history of philosophy, Johns Hopkins, in the *American Scholar.* —R. B.

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Bench Reform

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

While kennel enthusiasts are anticipating a big winter, a few words of warning are timely. If one is to heed ringside chatter—among veterans and newcomers alike—the game has improved mightily over the past decade in every respect but the judging. It is the duty of the American Kennel Club to correct this situation.

In its search for more able judges for the increasing shows, the A.K.C. must decide whether to license professional handlers. Here, perhaps, is the most capable group of dog students in the country, restricted to their duties of piloting contenders, although generally respected for their knowledge and courage in selecting winners. Many of our best judges were professional handlers when they first came into the game. It hardly seems just that they be forced to discontinue their profession to be awarded the rights of judges.

I feel it is imperative that bench-show committees and the Foley Dog Show Organization, which handles most of the country's leading shows, should strike a better balance in selecting their judging lists for future shows. We have noticed a tendency to favor the amateur judge, who requires no fee, while such capable hands as Charles G. Hopton, Vinton Breese, and other noted all-arounders remain comparatively idle.

The American Kennel Club, too, must dig deeper into the out-of-the-ring activities of some of its judges. We hear too many stories charging dog judge-writers with a close connection with the advertising departments of their mediums, a status strictly forbidden in A.K.C. law. At least one Kennel Club official has admitted this is a distinct problem, but at the present writing neither he nor anyone else had done anything about it.

There is a feeling among many veterans of the show game that some of our judges are being brought along too fast. It is a big responsibility to saddle a new judge with dozens of breeds so that the title "all-arounder" may be bestowed upon him, and there have been some who, given prominent assignments, were not prepared to fulfill them.

We do not intend this article as a scathing rebuke of our present dog-judging system. There are too many capable, courageous, and honest judges to indict them generally. But the biggest chance for improvement in the dog game is obviously in judging.

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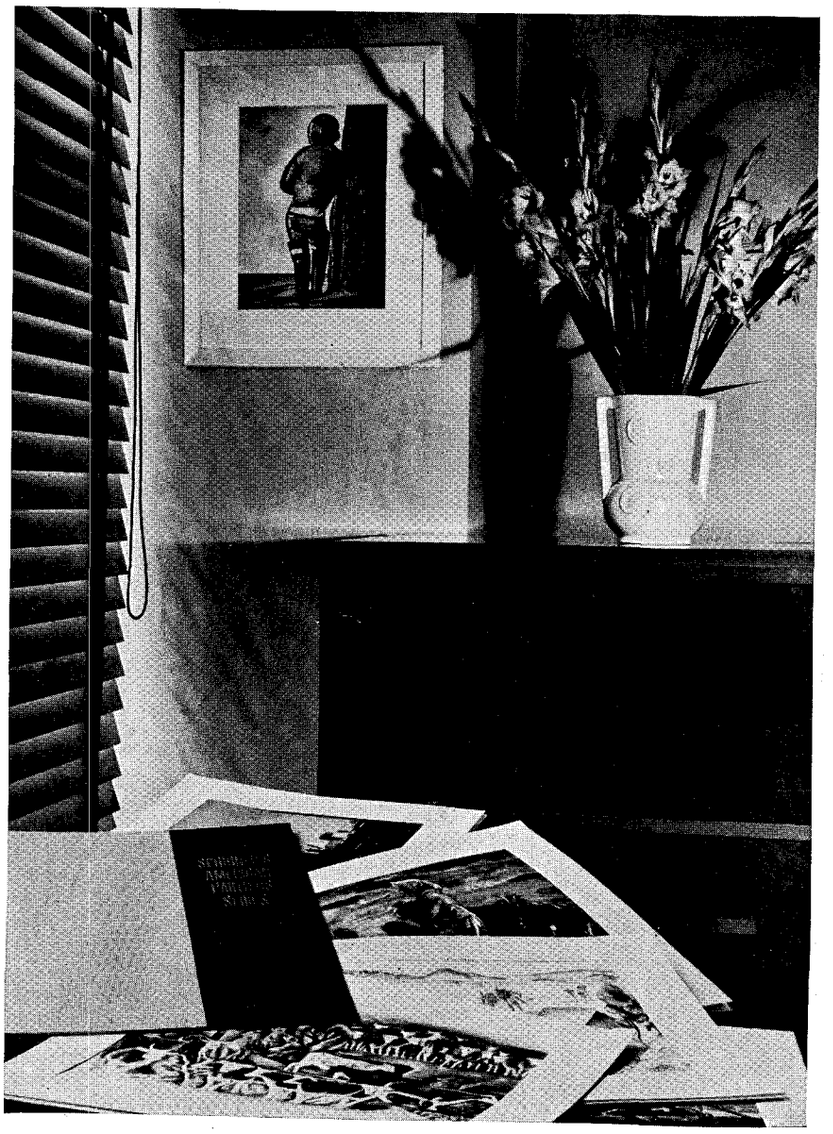

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